

Ovidius Britannicus :
OR,
LOVE EPISTLES.
IN
Imitation of *OVID*.

BEING
An Intreague betwixt two Persons of
Quality.

To which are added.

PHAON'S answer to *SAPHO* and
THESEUS answer to *ARIADNE*,
which are wanting in *Ovid's* Epistle.

By *DAVID CRAWFORD*, Gent.

Sequitur non Passibus equis.

Virg. Æn.

L O N D O N :

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without Temple-Bar. 1703.



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TO THE
Right Honourable David Lord Boyle, of
Kelburn, Cambray, Largs, Dalry, &c.
One of her Majesty's most Honourable
Privy Council, one of the Lords Com-
missioners of her Majesty's Treasury
and Exchequer, and Lord Treasurer
Deputy of the Kingdom of Scotland.



MY LORD,

THe following Epistles put in a double claim
to yo^r Protection, first in respect of your
Lordship, and next in regard of the Au-
thor, as you are a Statesman, my Lord,
and as he is your Countryman; the last all will own
just, tho' some may be surpriz'd at the first, falsely ima-
gining nothing so distant and opposite, as a Statesman
and Poetry; but, my Lord, this proceeds from their
ignorance of History, as well as of the Usefulness and
Excellence of that Art; they are us'd only to wretch-
ed pretenders to Politics, and their acquaintance ha-
ving been among woeful Statesmen, perverts their Judg-
ment. But did they know History, did they know Po-
etry, did they know a True Statesman, they would
agree in our choice, because they would be sensible, that
your Lordships Learning, Family, Spirit and Judg-
ment, had inform'd you with the true Principles of a
Wise and Perfect Statesman, and, by Consequence,
with Qualities fit for the Protection of so Ancient, and
so useful a Science.

The greatest Politicians that ever Europe bred, have
been as eminent for their Protection and Encourage-
ment of Poetry, as for the success of their Counsels;
for a general neglect of this, has always shewn a Bar-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

barbarity productive of a certain Ruin to that Country where it prevail'd; for Empire, Honour and public Spirit, always quit that Soil, that is inhospitable to the Muses.

There was never a more Critical Juncture of Affairs, than the fixing the Roman Common-wealth on a bottom so odious, to that People, as an absolute Monarchy, and we may justly allow them Perfect Statesmen, who form'd so difficult a design with such wise Counsels, as fail'd not of Success. Yet these great Politicians were Men, the most remarkable of the Roman World, for their Fondness of Poetry. For who is there so ignorant, that knows not the Love of Augustus and Mecænas, for this Art? They must never have heard of Horace, Gallus, Virgil, and the rest, who are immortal Witnesses of this Truth. But I beg your Lordship to observe what that Emperor thought from his own Words to Horace. — *Iratum me tibi scito, quod non in plerisque ejusmodi scriptis mecum potissimum loquaris.* An vereris ne apud Posterios tibi infame sit, quod videaris familiaris nobis esse. These are Words, my Lord, worthy the greatest Statesman, Founder of the greatest Monarchy, that ever was, and discover a generous Ambition to be known to Posterity, the Benefactor of his Country in his Encouragement of the Muses. But, my Lord, this fondness of his, may, perhaps, by some (too vile to be valu'd) be thought a dotage, flowing from a private Inclination, not a public Love; But those are Men friends to Hypocrisie, and ignorant of what they condemn; while Augustus knew from himself and from Horace, in his Epistle to him, that Poets were useful Members of a Commonwealth.

Militiæ quanquam piger, & Malus, utilis urbi. As Horace has it, which he plainly demonstrates in his following Lines, viz.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Os tenerum Pueri, balbumque Poeta figurat.
Torquet ab Obscænis, jam nunc sermonibus Au-
rem.

Mox etiam Pectus Præceptis format amicis;
Asperitatis & Invidiæ Corrector & Iræ.

Rectè Facta refert, Orientia Tempora notis
Instruit Exemplis, Inopem, solatur, & ægrum, &c.
These Verses being in his Letter to Augustus himself, will be the best answer to our Counciller; and the best defence of that Emperors care of the Poets, and as just a Condemnation of the Folly and Ignorance (to give it no worse a name) of our shadows of Statesmen, who neglect them; whose narrow Politics extend not so far as the care of youth, and the instilling Principles into them by the Medium of Pleasure, and Example (the Impressions of both being lively and lasting) which wou'd in time exert themselves into Actions beneficial to their Country.

Petronius Arbiter, a Person of the first Quality, tho' as much a Man of Pleasure, and as well skilled in the refin'd Maxims of Court, as any of ours, confessed yet in his Styricon, that he who wou'd ever do any thing meritorious of Praise, should in his youth apply himself to the Study of Poetry.

Artis severæ si quis amat Effectus

Mentemque Magnis applicat

Det primos versibus Annos

Mæoniumque bibat sælici pectore Fontem.

Nor is the reason of this obscure, for the Examples, that Poets produce, and the Maxims they advance, are in themselves delightful and noble; and these being fixt in a young Breast, naturally produce noble Actions, for our Actions are always of a piece with our Principles; as is evident from our present Times, for Avarice (as I can easily demonstrate) being the reigning Principle of the Age, naturally produces all those Factions, Feuds,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Treacherys, Treasons, Designing Tricks, and the rest of the Black List of Infamy, which foolishly directs every one to a private Aim, without regard to the public Good ; for, where ever Avarice prevails in Men of Post and Authority, there can be no Generous, Good or Brave Actions produc'd for the Glory or Interest of their Country. Now Poetry, my Lord, divests the Soul of that poor mechanic Vice, and enlarges it, with Noble Sentiments and Aims ; inspires it with a public Spirit, with such a Spirit as Horace ascribes to a true Poet in his Epistle to Augustus.

—— Vatis avarus.

Non temerè est animus, Versus amat, hoc studet unum,

Detrimenta, Fugas servorum, Incendia ridet
Non Fraudem socio, Puerove incogitat ullam
Pupillo, &c.

The Heaven born Bard's above the Lust of Pelf,
And his large Soul ne're centres in Himself ;
His Friend, and Mistress, his small Fortune share,
And all the Future's Providences Care.
He laughs at all the Misers foolish Pain,
Of Bills and Bonds with his long wily Train
Of anxious Arts to heap up wretched Gain.
Of sacred Song struck with Immortal Love,
No meaner object can his Passion move.

As this is the Temper of a true Poet, my Lord, so those, who are taught by his Doctrines, are averse to Avarice, thinking no wealth equal to noble Deeds, and a great Name.

I hope your Lordship will think the Justification of so Illustrious an Art, a sufficient excuse for the Pedantry of so many Quotations, since from thence will appear how glorious a Track your Lordship pursues in taking Poetry into your Lordships Protection, as Augustus, Mæcenus and Richlieu have done before you.

To

The Epistle Dedicatory.

To the last of which France owes its past and present
Pow'r and Greatness so terrible to the rest of Europe.

But our petty Statesmen have followed another method, betrayed the smallness of their capacity by the narrowness of their Souls, and meanness of their Aims: their Wisdom, as well as hopes extending only to the amassing a private Estate out of the publick Treasure; to a wretched skill in the doubles and turns of Court; to an Address and dexterity in masking a base revenge, or a baser gain, under the specious Vizard of publick Good, their Prince and Country being the least and last thing they suppose worthy their consideration. And how should we hope, that they, by encouragement of Poetry, won'd contribute to the polishing the People from Vices they avow themselves, and to the refining them from a Barbarity, in which lies their only security, from punishment for Crimes, a polite Nation would animadvert to severity.

I am confident that I love my Country, as well as any Man, yet that will not make me so blind, as not to see and mourn the scandalous neglect of useful and polite Arts, in those who only can promote their encouragement. For while they are daily prodigal on their Follies and Vices, (as Mr. Prior says of one of them.)

They ne're were so expensive yet

To keep a Creature merely for its Wit.

For Poetry charms not one kind smile from them, while France and Italy bestow not a few merry ones on them for their numerous subscriptions for the Fiddlers and Dancers of those Nations. The pleasures of the Eye and Ear have taken up all the Liberality, which never reaches those more rational of the Mind, as if they were not susceptible of so Noble and Manlike a Delight, for when they have at any time affected a shew of it, they have too wisely betrayed the gross affectation by squandering their random favours, on the vilest of Poetasters.

Your

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Your Lordship moves by a juster and more excellent Principle, and esteems it more worthy the venerable Antiquity of your Family and your own great Wisdom, which has justly raised your Lordship to your illustrious Post, to follow the steps of those Practical Statesmen, who have given proof of their Understanding by the vastness of their designs, and success of their Counsels, in the Glory or Interest of their Country; than of those nominal Politicians who understand Mankind no more, than they love their Prince or Country.

My Lord, I just now mentioned the Antiquity of your Family; by its duration every body must conclude it at first established, by Men worthy of so illustrious a Successor, as your Lordship. Here, my Lord, I must at once encroach on your Patience and Modesty, and beg leave to disprove an old Tradition, that prevails among some of the ignorant Pretenders to Antiquity, who believe the first of the Name of Boyle to have come from Ireland, about the time the Scots fought the Battle of Largs against the Danes Anno 1263 in the Reign of Alexander III. of Scotland, and that he had it from an Irish word which signifies Strike, because at the King's desire he kill'd a Danish Captain with one stroke. I confess, my Lord, the Story carries a shew of truth, for most of our Surnames at first, were taken from Places, Accidents, Humors, and some remarkable Actions of a Man's Life; but that which proves it entirely fabulous, is a Seasin of the Lands of Kelburn, given to Richard Boyle Eldest Son of — Boyle of Kelburn, and Margery Cumming his Wife, Daughter to — Cumming of Rovallan in the Reign of Alexander I. Anno 1107 above 600 years ago; nor is it probable, that Richard was at that time what the Heraulds call Novus Homo, or an Upstart, that is a Family in its first Foundation, if we weigh the Interest and Pow'r, that the Cumming's had

The Epistle Dedicatory.

had at that time in Scotland. But, my Lord, I must with all those, who have the Honour to know you, confess, that the Antiquity of your Family, and that Figure it has made in the World so many Ages ago, is illustrated more by your Lordships Vertues, than by so long a tract of time. The imaginary Advantages of an ancient House, give, indeed, too often a false vanity to Men, that have no other pretence to Pride and self-esteem forgetting that

Qui genus jactat suum aliena laudat.

Tho' when join'd with personal merit it ripens into a just and rational Desert. For Learning, Liberality, Affability, Capacity, Judgment and a publick Spirit, so conspicuous in your Lordship, impose a Veneration, that could not be lessened if your Lordship were the first of your Family, and more than doubles what is due to its unquestionable Antiquity. Could your Lordships Spirit spread to your Neighbours, we might hope that good Poets (such as I now present your Lordship) would meet with esteem worthy the excellence of their Art, for my Lord, I am not pleading the cause of all the wretched pretenders to it; we daily see them more successful with the Fair, and the Great, than they ought to be, and that in every Province of Parnassus. The Dalilahs of the Theatre are generally as infamous, as that Philistian Lady, and won their false applause to their falser Beauties, by such Harlot Arts, that a true Poet disdains, though they all sooner, or later have the mortification to find the contempt of the Town, as rigorous, as that of Men of Sense, which they never escaped.

But of all Poetry my Lord, that which I now present your Lordship, has been most lyable to abuse, and that not only from Poetasters, but even from Men of the formost Name, not one of whom ever wrote justly of LOVE. They have been strangely misled from
Nature

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Nature, by a meer *Ignis fatuus*, a Boyish affectation of Witticism; for Cowley, Suckling, and Waller prefer'd the imitation of Petrarch, and some Italians to that of Nature, which alone can make Poetry valuable, especially where the Passions of the Mind are drawn, in which those Poets have only been fond of shewing the wantonness of a luxuriant and easie Fancy, in far fetch'd Similies, and Conceits dragg'd from the poor, miserable Province of Epigram.

But this being a point excellently prov'd by the Author of a Book called Letters and Verses, Amorous and Gallant (a Gentleman of Understanding, Learning and Spirit, worthy the esteem he enjoys) I shall only transcribe his Words—The Verses of the Moderns are fill'd with thoughts, that are indeed surprizing and glittering, but not tender and passionate, or natural for a Man in Love to think. Whence your Lordship may draw a just and certain Taste of the worth, and value of the following Epistles in which the Author has not run the common Road of error, in imitation of Cowley, Suckling, &c. but Nature, in truly drawing the Passion he undertakes to describe, that is in our excellent Critick's words, his sentiments are tender and passionate, and natural for a Man in Love to think, and I dare be confident, that no Man who is either acquainted with the Ancients, or has ever felt what Love is, can doubt the truth of my assertion; and must own that our Author is one of the first of this Isle, that in the English Language has put in for the Prize of Nature with Ovid and the rest of the Ancients. Our Poets indeed have not been ignorant of this Duty, but negligent in the Practice, as will appear in Mr. Drydens Preface to the Translation of Ovid's Epistles, commending him for his imitation of Nature, and his just descriptions of the Passions, tho he condemns the repetition of the same

The Epistle Dedicatory.

same things again with greater force, in which I must think Ovid and our Author in the right, since Love makes us enforce the same thing often, fearing at last, that we have not done it enough.

I shou'd not detain your Lordship so long on these points, were not my concern for this Book very particular, as having been the cause of the Publication, and on whom the Modesty of the Author has thought fit to devolve the care of it from himself, after a struggling consent to the Impression. But I have no reason to think he will repent my advice, being satisfy'd that Ignorance alone can ever attempt the condemnation of what he has done; for here is not only a just and perfect imitation of Nature, (which is the utmost aim of Poetry) but that delivered in Verse, soft, natural and flowing, as the subject, which adds a beautiful likeness. I am pleas'd at the uncertainty of my own Judgment in my preferring them all in their turns to the rest, for that is a proof of the particular Beauty and perfection of each. But the Letter from Pindar to Sappho will put his Genius and Ovids in a fairer View, and nearer comparison, and I shall not doubt to say, inspite of the prejudice of time, that our British Bard is not, in that, inferior to the Roman.

But our Author is not the first great Poet Scotland has produced, Buchannan, Douglass and Drummond of Hawtherden deserve our remembrance, the first is known to all the World, by his writing in a more extensive Language, and Ben. Johnson, who travelled into Scotland on purpose to see the latter, on the fame of his Verses, is an unquestionable proof of his Excellence, both from the severity of Bens Judgment, and his temper not extremely favourable to his Contemporaries.

What encouragement wou'd do in this Art I leave to your Lordships great Wisdom to reflect, and of what use it would be, not doubting but the Author, whose performances

The Epistle Dedicatory:

performances will please every body, as they have Men of the best Judgment already, will find that favour from your Lordship, that is worthy your Lordships Sense and Honour and his Merit. For my own part I must avow the pleasure of reading his admirable Epistles can'd not exceed the satisfaction, that I find in their proving the means of my being known to your Lordship, which I shall always place in the number of the most fortunate incidents of the Life of

My LORD,

Your Lordships most Obedient,

And most humble Servant,

Charles Gildon

ERRATA.

Page 66. line antipenult for what read that, p.
187 l. antipenult for that read thus.

TO THE
 Charming *IRENA*.

THE
 INTRODUCTION.

TH E opportunity of Writing thus to you, my *Irena*, not a vain opinion of my Art or Judgment perswades me once more to crowd the Press, and Bookfellers Shop. You have seen some things before of mine, but never any of this kind ; and, I confess, I was not induc'd to this way of Writing, because I thought my self pretty well secured of the Talent of Rhiming ; for had I been Master
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of it, yet I have hid it so long underground, that I can hardly expect to make any Improvement or Trade with the World to my Advantage. But I'm convinc'd you have not forgot that moving, and real Story, I have often told you, when under the Names of *Hermes* and *Amestris*, the two faithful Lovers purchased your Pity, and your Tears. But because our Fondness often broke the thread of our Discourse, I may justly suppose you will not think it tedious now, if I deliver the whole at large. besides you must expect little other Argument to many of the following *Epistles*. As to the truth of the Story, I can only affirm, that I found a great many Musty Papers, very difficult to be read and understood, in an old, dark Closet, that had not been opened for twenty Years before. I spent some Hours upon them, and found they contained the Amour of a Person of Quality, 'twas indeed very confusedly Written, but the Names of the Partys being expressed at large, the simplicity of the Stile gave me very good grounds to think the Intreague not feign'd, nor design'd for the Publick. And, if I am not very much mistaken, I found the same Story mention'd at large in an old Manuscript Entitled

The Introduction.

3

tuled *The History of Fifteen Years*, which probably has been hitherto suppress'd, because it expos'd two Family's, still so very considerable as that of *Hermes*, and *Arjanes*.

During the Wars between *Edward III.* of *England* and the King of *France*. A young Man of Quality that liv'd in the North of *England*, fell in Love with a Nobleman's only Daughter. He was Master of a Fortune inferiour to the Dignity of his Title, and Greatness of his Family, which was more, than made up, by all those accomplishments, that render the Owner happy and worthy of esteem; and she (had Fate designed her his) was Mistress of a Fortune, that answer'd his Ambition. Her Beauty rais'd her, as high, as her Birth; and her Merit, was by all the World, confessed to exceed both. Her Father was of a close, severe Temper, Naturally Anxious and Jealous, but a Man of many Years, and much Experience. His Virtues hid, or at least attoned for his Faults, he conceal'd his Inclinations so well, that even what he valued, seem'd indifferent to him, which drew on him the generous censure of never being fond of any thing but his Charming Daughter (whom I shall here call *Amestris*.)

B 2

But

But to go back a little, that I may come on with more Advantage, you must know, my *Irena*, that *Hermes* (for so I must call the Noble young Lover) was just about twenty; when weary of Confinement, and stiff grave Tutors, he resolved to abandon the Country; not to roam at large like a rich young Heir, that spends his Fortune e're he finds his Wit, but to know the World, to read Men, as well as Books, and to appear on the Stage of Business where he, who acts well is (or at least should be) rewarded, where all our Actions receive their Applause or Condemnation from the chance of their success, or the present humour of the People or the Prince. His Mother the fond *Nerina*, as venerable for her Virtue, as Age, was at once pleased to find her Son so early a Man, and troubled, that his Perfections should rob her of him so soon. But her fondness ever gave way to her Judgment, and to turn this seeming misfortune of having her darling *Hermes* divided from her, to the best Advantage, she remembered that strict Union between *Arsanes* (the happy Father of the fair *Amestris*) and her Deceased Lord, and that as their Interest and Inclinations had always been the same, so she had reason and hope, the
Son

The Introduction.

5

Son could not fail of finding the Remains of his Fathers Memory in *Arsanes*, which could not but be a very advantageous Rise for *Hermes* at his first flight into the World, since *Arsanes* was no less a Favorite of the King, than of the People. To him she recommends the care of her only Son, the last of his ancient and illustrious House. The gay young Man, fraught with a Mothers Blessing, and nobly Equip'd, soon arrived at Court. There blest with Youth and Innocence, he seeks to sport in Storms and dally with those Rocks, on which the caution of Age is often Shipwrack'd. *Arsanes* (to whom such softness was unusual) wept when he read *Nerina's* Letter, the memory of his Dead Friend was yet fresh, and endeared his living Son to such a height, that he presented him the next day to the King, who had not yet forgot his Fathers Services, and at the request of *Arsanes* soon gave him an honourable Employment near himself, in which he continued during his Expedition into *France*, so famous in our Chronicles. And here our young Heroe show'd all the Courage of a bold Soldiers Temper, with the Wisdom of a grave Commander, signalizing himself in many Battles and Sieges. After his Return, he was immedi-

B 3

ately

ately preferred to a more considerable Post, and having received his Commission, he was immediately, with many other brave Officers, sent down into the North to resist the *Scots*, who with a considerable Army had already March'd as far as *Newcastle*. In this home-born War he added a new stock of Fame to the old.

But this War being happily finish'd he was received with a Favour, equal to his Courage and Exploits by the King and People. He was now equally the Favorite of War and Love, Bold as the Godlike *Hector* in the Field, but soft and wanton as the *Trojan Boy* among the fair and young. He pleas'd so naturally, that all his Words and Actions Charm'd, and bound others in Chains, while he kept his own Heart free. But though none of the Fair e'er touched his, with Love, he was not insensible of Friendship. But among all his Friends in Court, he lov'd, and was belov'd by none so much as old *Arsanes*, who every Hour found secret Joys when he beheld his growing Greatness, viewing the Father in the Son. And because *Nerina's* Fears hourly represented to her the danger of being a Soldier, he got him a Royal Grant of some Lands for his early Services, on which, and such civil preferment

ments, his own Merits and his Freinds Interest procured him, he might have tasted all the Joys, without the pains of Loving; had not Love unfortunately ruined all that tranquility which Fortune had got him so fair a prospect of. But Love that is vain of making Contradictions, by giving Courage to Cowards, Wit to Fools, Bounty to Misers, Temperance to Rakes, Honesty to Knaves; and on the contrary robs the Chast of their Virtue, the Wise of their Understanding, the brave Man of his Honour, and the Friend of his Fidelity, found out *Hermes* amidst his Happyness and spoil'd him of too many of those Glorys, he might still then justly boast. The charming *Amestris* was then about sixteen, she had been at Court from her very Infancy, and was there more admired for her Beauty, than the advantage of her Birth, or that of being the darling Daughter of the Kings first Favourite. She had a Face and Shape that excell'd what the fancy of elevated Poets paint of their Mistresses. To see her without concern, must be the Task of some new *Diogenes*, yet more severe than the old. *Hermes* had indeed heard her prais'd by all the World, but some Indisposition having confined her, ever since his return

from the North, to her Fathers Country-house, he had never met with an opportunity of seeing her. But as he was one Morning a Bed little dreaming how near his disquiet was at hand, *Arsanes* entered the Room, and informed him that he had been already with the King to acquaint him with his Daughters Marriage, who had graciously consented to the Proposal, and he was that day resolved to bestow her upon the Earl of ———, who was then but fourteen years old but could boast himself the owner of the best Estate in *England*, adding, that he had already sent his Coach for her, and he must accompany him a few Miles out of Town to a little Wood where the young Earl and his Friends were to meet the Bride. *Hermes* grew immediately uneasy, and felt a secret concern when he heard *Amestris* was already doom'd to anothers Arms. He had never seen nor had he ever lov'd her, yet, sincerely wished, she had been destin'd his. However without enquiring into the cause of so many sudden cares he ordered his Horses immediately to be got ready, dressed himself to the best advantage, and was at *Arsanes* Lodging in less than an hour. The old Man was attended by a numerous train of

of

The Introduction.

9

of Friends but *Hermes* still appeared above the rest, like Conquering Jove among the lesser Gods. No Man could ride his Horse, with such a Grace, or more of Art. He seemed at that time indeed so powerfully agreeable, that 'twas impossible to resist his Charms; and all the World confessed *Amestris* and *Hermes* seemed to be made for one another. 'Twas in the beginning of *June*, which made the Wood a very convenient place for their meeting, 'twas but four Miles from the Earls House, the Road the Bride past too was directly through it. They staid not long before the Coach appeared attended by five or six Servants. The fond old Man had not seen his Daughter for some Months, and ran to embrace her, with all the tenderness of a glad Father. But who can paint that surprize young *Hermes* felt, when first he saw the blushing beautiful Maid, scarce could he think her Mortal; a thousand Graces wait her Looks and Smiles, her Air and Shape. His Infant Flames encrease; and every thing about her moves his silent wonder. He was now all chang'd, no more that bold indifferent Youth, he was before, but all fear, all soft and bashful as Maiden Love, and weak
as

as Virgin Vows. Nor was this ravishing vanquish'd Maid less chang'd from what she was before; she trembled when she ey'd him, yet found so much of pleasure in the pain, she cou'd not choose but look on him again. Her Father presented him to her, as his best Friend, and when he pronounc'd his Name (tho' with some disorder) she confess'd his merit justify'd that choice, he had made, for his Actions had been frequently the subject of her Entertainment in the Country, where, in vain, she oft had wish'd to see so fam'd a Warriour. There was something so tender and ravishing in her Voice, that *Hermes*, instead of answering, only blush'd. His Face confess'd the soft confusion of his Soul, while her bright Eyes confess'd the secret disorder of hers, yet this discovery reach'd none of the Company but themselves, so much caution they express'd in their Signs, Blushes and stolen Looks. Hence sprung uneasiness to both, each wish'd to be alone, and both alike began to hate the destin'd Bridegroom. At last, as they walk'd beneath some Trees that fenc'd them from the Sun, *Arfanes* began with all the Eloquence of a practis'd Statesman, to acquaint her with the advantages of that Choice he had made for her

in

The Introduction.

II

in the Person of the Earl ; how much her Inclinations ought to yield to her Interest, that whate're our passions were, that of being Great ought to have the first place, that Wealth was the Parent of Power, and that alone distinguish'd the Slave from his Lord, the Beggar from the Prince, and made the Vertuous only known to be such. For Honour, when she sits amongst the Crowd, is out of her own Sphere, and looks ridiculous and mean. A large Fortune makes the Blockhead Wife, and gives a weight to ev'ry thing he utters, whilst Wisdom drest in Rags is justled from the Bar, and never pleads to purpose, tho' back'd by Justice and by Reason. The old Man spent his breath in vain ; the fair Ones soul was now quite employ'd another way, she was uneasy, and yet thought this the most pleasant Morning of her Life, and tho' she had not heard one word of what her Father said, he was, nevertheless, very well satisfied, and took her silence for her full consent. But young *Hermes* was yet in a worse Condition, than his Charming Mistress, for whilst he walk'd at some distance, he saw the young Bridegroom at the other end of the Wood. His early Passion made him look on this Boy as one
that

that came too easily by a Heaven he never cou'd deserve by all the services of his Life. Nay, he hated him, in that very moment in which he saw him first, and thought him either too happy, or too insensible. As for *Amestris*, she blush'd, and grew pale by turns, when she look'd upon him, and tho' these frequent changes proceeded from a tender cause, yet her Lover felt his Torments doubled; for, as they added to her Beauty, so they encreas'd his Flame, and taught him but to raise the price of what he was to lose. In the meantime tho' the day prov'd singularly hot, they rode with ease enough to a little Chappel, not far from the Wood, where an old Priest soon joyn'd their hands. Gods! how she look'd when she stood before the Altar. *Hermes* was so much ravish'd, and so fill'd with wonder, he perfectly forgot what she was doing, and ne're dreamt that she gave her all away to his young Rival. This, I suppose, my *Irena*, is the time he mentions in the beginning of his first Letter. From the Chappel they went to the Earls House, where a Noble Entertainment waited their arrival. But *Hermes*, already sick and languishing for anothers Bride, excus'd himself to old

Arfanes

Arfanes, and stole privately into the Garden, unwilling to see that Treasure he had lost; that charming Prize, that made another Rich, and left him poor for ever. When he was gone he wish'd, as much to be back again, he found the charming Groves and Shades had nothing in them, and had return'd to look upon the darling object of his longing Soul, had he not fear'd that some in the Company might have observ'd his Disorder and Irresolution. At last he seated himself in a Grove, the most lonesome and melancholy in all the Garden, and there began seriously to reflect on that days Adventure; he then believ'd he was a Slave to Love, and tho' he saw no reason to hope success, yet he wou'd doat on, and to flatter himself, believ'd *Amestris* gave away her Hand without her Heart, and ne're cou'd truly love a Boy, who had not yet Judgment enough to value that Heaven he possess'd. But then again, he believ'd *Amestris* as Vertuous, as Beautiful; and all he ought to hope was but a share in her Esteem. Distracted with successive hopes and fears, and concluding upon nothing, he thought that hour the longest of his Life; he had no Book with him to divert his cares, and all about

about him only serv'd to encrease his Languishment, for solitary Groves and purling Streams, the gloomy Woods and singing Birds add fuel to Loves fire, and prove at least the Nurse, if not the Mother, of that melancholy sickness of the Mind. At last remembering that he had some Paper about him, he took Pen and Ink, and wrote to sooth his Grievs.

In the mean time the fair *Amestris* was as uneasy as her anxious Lover, her Soul was so much Charm'd, that *Hermes* reign'd in all her Thoughts, with such a pow'r, that she knew her Heart was lost. A thousand times she wish'd he would return, and as often was about to ask after him, if she had not fear'd to have betray'd the tender cause of the Inquiry. If any Man pronounced his Name, she listen'd with a secret Joy, to find the Man, she valu'd so much by all her Friends esteem'd. If his early Valour was the subject of their Discourse, she wish'd it ne'er might end. At last they unanimously propos'd a Walk; the Garden seem'd the fittest Place. There they were differently employ'd, some in search of *Hermes*, and others in talking of common Business or Intreagues at Court, this Poor Mans rise, that Great Mans fall, or
that

that damn'd Knaves Preferment. Here Villany rewarded, and there Vertue slighted. The Youth in the mean time wearied with the heat and tumult of his Thoughts, had fall'n asleep; and being call'd by *Arfanes*, who first had found his Retreat, he suddenly started up, and forgot both Ink and Paper. The now melancholly *Amestris*, who walk'd in another Alley, at some little distance, saw him come out, and go off to another Walk, with her Father, and either possess'd with the same desire of being alone, or coveting to be in the very same place, where her dear Youth had been, she handsomely excus'd her self to her young Husband, and his followers, and entered this soft Retreat, without Attendants, but accompanied by all the little Pains, Hopes, Fears and Wishes of a Love-sick Maid, who ne'er had felt the soft Disease before. There 'twas she first believ'd she was undone, for, as she view'd the print his Body had made, an unknown Languishment seiz'd her heart; she grew sick with Pleasure, yet felt so much of Torment in the Joy, she wept before she was aware, and saw the falling Tears before she knew she griev'd. 'Tis impossible to paint all those little weaknesses, of which fond young Lovers

vers are guilty, and to the gravely wise, the busie or the dull, they appear as ridiculous as the freaks of Madmen. She view'd the trembling Leaves and twisted Boughs, as now less happy than when the Canopy to her Charming Youth. At last she espy'd his Pocket-book lying half open on a little Marble Table, and tho' it encreas'd her Pain, yet it remov'd not the Curiosity natural to her Sex, she took it up and read the following Lines, which she easily knew to have been but newly Written.

(1.)

*Love, the soft Feaver of the Mind,
Keeps the Diseas'd in constant Pain,
And absence proves but the soft Wind,
That fanns the flame to life again.
Where e're we are, whate're we do,
Love follows us, and we the God pursue.*

(2.)

*The fair Ones smiles our flames encrease,
And tho' she Frown we still Love on.
What rais'd the flame ne'er makes it cease,
And we are pleas'd to be undone.
Like Madmen, seeking still for ease,
From that same Cause, that first brought the*

(Disease.

(3.) Lo-

(3.)

Lovers can boast no Minutes free,
 For ev'ry breath brings discontent ;
 Sleep gives the Prisoner Liberty,
 But Dreams the Lovers Chains augment :
 Yet still the Fair, with ease, remove
 Our heavy Fetters, and the Pains of Love.
 Shou'd fair ——— know my Pains,
 And all the Torments of my mind,
 Yet Honour now her Pow'r restrains

My Irena, 'twou'd be hard to express the
 fair Ones surprize, she was assur'd by this
 her *Hermes* was in Love ; her name made
 up the exact number of Syllables the Verse
 requir'd, and when her fears inform'd her
 he suffer'd not for her, yet her own flame
 already grown to such a wondrous height,
 gave the Lye to her first Thoughts, apt
 to believe things the same she wish'd
 them. Besides, Beauty, like Wit, can ne'er
 lodge unknown with its owner. She, at
 last, concludes her self the certain cause of
 his sudden melancholly. This but increas-
 ed her Grief and Love, and tho' she cou'd
 yet hardly think her self marry'd, she
 curs'd her self, and that fatal Obedience to
 a Fathers will, that taught her too easi-
 ly to give away her Faith. But still all
 C her

her warring thoughts center'd in the Lines
of her too Charming *Hermes*: A thousand
times she view'd the dear Characters, and,
as often read the last Verse, which he had
left unfinished, she had already laid hold
on the Pen, and, as she repeated

*Shou'd fair ——— know my Pains,
And all the Torments of my Mind,
Yet Honour now her Pow'r restrains ———
E're she was aware she added*

*Mourn not, your Mistress may be kind,
Your Pains are hers, and that same dart
That wounded you, has pierc'd her tender heart.*

She had no sooner writ it, then confus'd
with sudden shame, and an immediate sense
of the tender fault she had inadvertently
committed; she threw the Paper from her,
and, almost wild with her new guilt, left
the Grove in that disorder only known to
fearful, bashful Lovers. After she had
mix'd the Company, and they had walk'd
some time, the falling Dew summon'd them
all back to the house, and part of the night
being spent in dancing; after a noble Col-
lation the Bride and Bridegroom must pre-
pare for Bed. Poor *Hermes* felt all the
Pains and Racks of a despairing Lover,
and the bewitching *Amestris* was so far from
being

being Happy, that even in that very Moment she believed her self Perjur'd, look'd on her young Husband as her Lover, and her Lover as her Husband; and thought she offended Heav'n and him, by taking thus another to her Arms and yielding to a Boy, what should have been the prize of riper Age, and the reward of a long painful Love. 'Tis easie, my *Inna*, to guess how she spent the Night, and how the young Bridegroom was entertained, she thought a thousand times of what she had writ in the Grove, wished and unwished it done, and sigh'd away the hours with the remembrance of her lovely *Hermes*.

In the mean time the Unhappy Lover was waited upon by *Arsaces* to his Bed-chamber, when he was left alone, he began a thousand times to trace the thoughts and actions of the past day. His fancy flew o're the precious Journey, and plac'd him immediately at *Amestris's* arrival, by the Wood-side, and before the coming of the happy and unhappy young Earl, transported them both before the Priest, and from thence in one minute his wandering mind presented them both in Bed. He had always since he came first to Court kept, both for his Servant, and Companion, a

young Man nam'd *Galeazo*, a piece of a kindfman, and one, as well vers'd perhaps, in the Myfteries of Love, and Gallantry, as any Man in *England*. To him he communicates the caufe of that diforder, in which he faw him: And whilst, with pleasure, he ran o're each little Circumftance of the day, he at laft remember'd his writing in the Grove. But fearching in vain for his Pocket-Book, that he might fhew him thofe Verfes, he had compos'd, he concludes at laft, that he had left it in the Garden. Young Love, is always bashful, and when we firft are Slaves to that fond Paflion, our Fears are greater, and our Courage lefs, than when we come to riper age, and doat at leaft with fome fhew of Reafon. He grew immediately very uneafie, and fearing leaft fome body had read it, and that he had exprefs'd the name of his Miftrefs at large, to be refolved, he went himfelf in his Nightgown down to the Garden, and eafily found what, he fo much wanted. When he return'd *Galeazo* impatiently fnatch'd the Book from him, but, my *Irena*, you wou'd find it no eafie matter to exprefs his furprife, when he heard him read what he knew to be none of his own making. Heaven's (cry'd he)

The Introduction.

21

he) my *Galeazo*, all my fears are come to pass. My Passion has already reach'd the open Air, and ne'r can be again confin'd. All the world will guess the Object of my Flame, for *Amestris* only can be thought worthy of my Heart. *Arsanes* is too old, and too wise not to find out the Mystery, and her Charms make my guilt too probable not to gain belief. Whoe'r has writ this he has designed my ruin, to fasten me in the snare, and sooth me on, then laugh to see me catch'd. *Galeazo* smil'd, and told him if *Amestris* herself had not done it, some other Woman that lov'd him had finished the Verse. A thousand times *Hermes* veiwed the Characters, and as often wished he could cheat himself, o'rethrow his own Judgment, and firmly believe his Mistress (for he saw 'twas a Womans hand) had writ it. Sometimes he thought it might indeed be she, but then he fancyed 'twas the effect of a gay humour not of serious Love. Again he would think the Lines written by a Cousin of hers, who was with her, and though he was at all times modest, yet he had very good Grounds to believe she loved him. Her Eyes had all that Day met his, when he chanced to look upon her

her, and indeed *Phileas* (for that was her name) by a thousand little ways and means, had already shown a growing passion, and more of tenderness in her looks and words than common civility, or ev'n friendship could inspire. Distracted thus, with a thousand conjectures he kept himself in pain, till 'twas almost day, when Sleep that like Death, levels the Conqueror with the vanquished, gave him a short Reprieve.

When he waked he found *Amestris* still the Mistress of his Heart, the object of his Dreams, and the Charming Goddess of his waking Vows. Scarce could he stay to look upon what she had writ, so much he longed to see her. But, as he was about to purchase to himself that happyness, he met *Arfanes*, who told him he was just then coming to his Chamber to beg a favour which he alone could grant. *Hermes* was all Joy to know, he could oblige his Friend and the Father of the lovely Maid, and having called *Galeazo*, at the old Mans request, he was soon inform'd that the Compliment was but to send this faithful Servant abroad with the Earl, 'twas hard to say which of 'em were best satisfied, *Arfanes* in purchasing a Man he judg'd for
fit

fit for his purpose. *Galeazo* with the hopes of seeing the World, and *Hermes* because he might be useful to him in his Amour, by being about the Earl's Person. But willing to advance his Interest in the Family, he told his Friend, that since he had taken *Galeazo* from him, he must likewise provide for his young Sister, who now waited upon *Nerina* in the Country, and place her about his Daughter, where she would learn a thousand things worthy of her Youth and Beauty, not to be found in the place where she was. *Arsanes* could deny him nothing, and you may believe *Irena*, this favour was granted soon as ask'd. He immediately led the happy Lover into his Daughters Room, and acquainted her with what he had done, and 'tis easie to foresee how readily she wou'd approve of any thing that could oblige her dear *Hermes*. *Arsanes* address himself to his Son-in-Law and some of his Friends, and the young Lover only to his charming Mistress. They talkt a long time of things indifferent, and forreign to either of their purposes, how this Fool was fortunate, how the Industrious and Wise often starv'd, and the idle, dull Blockhead arriv'd to Wealth, for which the Grave

and the Judicious cou'd assign no cause. At last they talk't of Marriage and a single Life, till the subject was insensibly chang'd to Love, where *Hermes* expressed himself so feelingly, and *Amestris* with so much tenderness, that each of 'em were doubly Charm'd, and doated on the others softness. The Youth (tho' indirectly) level'd a thousand little arguments against Honour and Marriage Vows, and by way of earnest raillery endeavour'd to prove Virtue but a Name, and all that Chastity of which some Women boast, no more than a natural coldness in their Constitution, and not an innate fix'd principle. Till this hour the charming Maid, even in wishes had not sinned against the Laws of Honour. But now quite chang'd, she drunk the Poyson in, and knew not if his Eyes or Tongue bewitched her Judgment most. Her looks confess'd her pleas'd with all he said, and they were both too witty not to know themselves in Love, and again belov'd. My *Irena*, their discourse wou'd have prov'd but a very indifferent entertainment to a cold By-stander, they spoke so low, so confusedly blush'd, sigh'd, and trusted so much to the soft Language of their Eyes, that every sentence
was

was left imperfect and not to be understood by any but a Lover.

They liv'd thus some days, but *Arsanes* being obliged to return to Court, *Hermes* was forc'd to wait upon him. *Irena*, you are no stranger to Love, and I'm convinced, you can perfectly paint to your self her silent Grievs, and all those pains he suffer'd. In a week or two after the Earl was sent abroad, and *Sylvia* (so I will call *Galeazo's* Sister) arriv'd from the Country. He had settled perfect Correspondance by Letters with her absent Brother, and ere she went home to *Amestras*, had so far gain'd upon her, who to his Mother and himself ow'd every thing, she possess'd; that he cou'd propose nothing, which she wou'd not undertake for him. But still his absence was insupportable, and his excessive hopes, doubtless encreas'd the burden; nor was his fair Mistress less unhappy. She dreamt of nothing, but her Godlike Youth, and the Vow she had made that day, in which she saw him first, and to add to all her pains tho she firmly believ'd he lov'd her, yet she cou'd not but sometime fear he might rather be so with another, and cou'd hardly think those Verses, she had read, the effect of a Passion not one day old, a thou-

thousand times she wish'd to know his thoughts and conjectures about those three lines, she had added: and tho this minute she heartily and sincerely wished he might not think her concern'd, yet her Passion wou'd o'er-rule her Modesty, and Judgment, and the very next she wish'd that he know all, and wou'd improve the discovery. In the mean time *Hermes* languished, and decay'd; and all the world wonder'd to see him so much chang'd. He who was before, all gay and wanton, and Charming, as the God of Wit, now seeks to be alone, grows anxious, and reserv'd, and shuns his courting friend, *Arsanes*, to whom he was always dear, soon observ'd this alteration. In vain he endeavour'd to find the cause, and attributing his disease to constant fatigue, and hurry, he told him one Evening, that to-morrow he must make a short Journey into the Country and stay with him a week or two at his Daughters house to recover in the fields that health he had endanger'd by staying so long in Town. *Irena*, you may guess him really pleas'd, with the proposal, this was just all he wanted, and had he been really sick, 'twas enough to have wrought his cure, without the help of Physick. You may

believe he slept not at all that night. He had a thousand fears lest some accident, or other, had oblig'd the old Man to alter his design; and dream't of nothing but his coming happiness. *Amestris* was lucky in being ignorant of her good Fortune and *Philena* too, who lov'd, as much, as she had her share in this blessing of Ignorance.

In the morning *Arsanes* and he went off in a Coach, each of 'em attended but by one Servant, and having driven slowly because of the Heat, they arriv'd at the Earls House, about four in the Afternoon. By the way, the old Man cou'd not but see his Friend better pleas'd than he had been, for some time past, his looks had more of Gaiety and Life, his Air not so stiff and sullen; and kindly believed all this merely an effect of his Complaisance, and tenderness for him. This serv'd yet if possible to endear the Youth to him more than ever, and contributed very much to the success of that Passion he had for his Daughter. The Evening was very calm, and whilst they took a turn or two in the Garden with *Amestris* and *Philena*, the kind old Man cou'd speak to the fair one, nothing but that Melancholly which had lately seized his Friend. He bid her look upon
her

him, as the stay of her Family, when her Father worn out with Cares, and Age, abandon'd all and went into another World, and make it her business to remove this uneasiness, that threatned the ruin of his Hopes and Pains, had *Arsanes* when he spoke observed that soft disorder, which was so very visible in her Face, he might perhaps have trusted the young Mans cure to another. *Hermes* however was now quite lost, and that little interval from cares he had shown in the Morning soon fled, when he saw the dear Cause of all his Pains, and knew her doom'd to make another happy, she was all tender, and mild as Virgin Innocence, by Nature meant to Love and be belov'd, her every look spoke her susceptible of that Passion. But still that Modesty that Nature had so excellently painted in her Face, taught him to fear her Vertue proof against temptation, to think her cold as Age, and frozen as the Winters sharpest Nights. But *Sylvia* his constant Friend soon inform'd him of his mistake. She had already gain'd her Ladies utmost confidence, and knew her as much inflam'd as her Lover wish'd her. He was every Minute the subject of their discourse, their Nightly Theme and Morning
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ing Exercise, she assur'd him, by a thousand circumstances he was as happy as Love could make him, and he might reasonably propose success to himself, in all he ask'd or wish'd, since Love within fought on his side, and made the Conquest easie. Flatter'd into so many hopes he now wanted nothing but an opportunity of talking to her alone, she courted the same happiness, and *Sylvia* being their Friend, 'twas no hard matter for them to meet in that Condition, they both wish'd. But still the too amorous Youth, was at a loss, for real Flames will keep the bold in awe, and make the impudent bashful, and though he had resolv'd as soon as he saw her to throw himself at her feet, and utter all his thoughts, his courage fail'd him, and he remained in that confusion, which we ordinarily see begotten between shame and desire. The witty fair easily observ'd this, and willing to secure his heart, which was now dearer to her, than all things in the World, her solemn Vows or Honour, she immediately ask'd him if Love at first sight was preferable to that, which long Acquaintance and continu'd Friendship sometime wou'd inspire. His Answer did not fully determine the Question and it became instantly the

the subject of a long and tender dispute. That ended, *Amestris* grew silent, and inwardly vex'd to find the Youth so bashful, he cou'd not but submissively ask the cause, and she having bid him guess, he had the Courage to answer 'twas Love, she reply'd, with some Confusion; 'twas so, and ask'd him if he cou'd point out the Man; the Youth sigh'd, and only answer'd, whoe're he was, he was the happiest Man on Earth. Then you are such, cry'd she, and immediately left him in such a disorder, that till that very moment he ne're thought her so inexpressibly Charming. My *Irena*, you'll perhaps condemn the tender Fair for transgressing those Rules which severe Custom has impos'd upon your Sex; but remember, Madam, at the same time her Years, his Charms, and the unaccountable pow'r of Love. The forsaken and the old, who like the Fox, seem to undervalue what they can't have, may be inexorable, but you are too fair and too young to be so ill natured and not to forgive in *Amestris*, what is so very natural to all the World. Besides, at the distance of so many years, who can Judge the Youths Merit and Constancy, for that, it seems, she thought

thought a full reward for loss of Fame, nay, of Life it self. You may easily foresee what follow'd this Declaration, and tho' at first 'tis probable she propos'd no more to her self, than that tender union of Souls, preach'd up by *Plato*, yet she found at last 'twas impossible to resist the Assaults of a young Lover, who knew himself Master of her Heart. Those who Love much can deny nothing, which gave him that convincing proof of her passion, which was only the Earls right. She committed this tender Crime, with all the fears and remorse of a young Offender, allowing for this cruelty, my *Irena*, I find the whole course of her life free from all Imputations. Their only care now was how to meet secretly; *Sylvia* knew the whole Intreague, and because her Chamber was pretty nigh that of the young Lover, 'twas resolv'd *Amestris* shou'd steal thither about Midnight, and that her Maid shou'd retire to hers. This for some Nights succeeded as they wish'd; till once about two in the Morning *Philena*, who had been a little indispos'd that Night, and wanting some things that she had left in *Sylvia*'s Chamber, push'd open the door, which had not, it seems, been carefully bolted, and enter'd

ter'd before her happy Rival cou'd know any thing of the matter. They were doubtless very much surpriz'd; and tho' she often call'd *Sylvia*, neither of 'em return'd any answer, but were at last just ready to undeceive her, and trust to her Mercy, when the Maid, who had heard the noise, because she had not been so happily employ'd, stole softly into the Room, and having plac'd her self behind the Bed, answer'd as if between sleeping and waking, *'Tis not day yet, Madam, why d'ye rise so early.* But *Philena* having in the dark, by chance, lighted on those things she wanted retir'd with as little noise as possible, unwilling to disturb her, for whom her Cousin had a more than common regard. The two Lovers cou'd scarce believe themselves freed from so much danger, and unwilling to run a new hazard, fearing she had gone but to fetch a Candle, after their usual custom exchange'd a thousand Vows, and parted. In the meantime the unhappy *Philena* still languish'd, she number'd all the minutes of the Night, and thought the Days were chang'd to tedious Years. *Hermes* continu'd still insensible, and she had always this addition to her Misfortune, that he neglected her Company,

Company, and improv'd ev'ry occasion of speaking to the fair *Amestris*. This made her very Jealous, but being naturally the mildest Woman upon Earth, it ne're grew to that height, it commonly arrives to, when it inspires Fury and Revenge. She only sought to satisfy her self, and be assur'd of her ill Fortune, that she might no longer flatter her self with the hopes of possessing an Heart already bestow'd upon another. She watch'd ev'ry opportunity that made for her purpose, but the guilty are commonly very cautious, and she, for some time, bestow'd her labour in vain. The Lovers in the mean while had chosen a new Scene, *Hermes* still feign'd himself ill, to oblige *Arsanes* to a longer stay; and *Sylvia* still convey'd her Mistress to her Lovers Bed. At last *Philena*, whether led by design or chance, I am not able to determine, came one Night to the Youths Chamber, accompanied only by her own Maid. *Hermes* believ'd all the house had been a bed, and had got his Charming Mistress in his Arms, but being suddenly Alarm'd with the noise of the door, the fair Offender shrunk beneath the Cloaths unseen by either of the two; *Philena* in the mean time told him that she fancy'd

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she

she had heard him walking about the Room, and therefore concluded he was ill. The Youth, with a seeming disorder, confess'd he was so at that time, and cou'd not propose a better remedy, than present sleep. This easily prevail'd on one already asham'd to find her self at so unseasonable an hour in the Mans Chamber, whom she lov'd. And, as for them, the hazard serv'd but to endear their coming Joys ; their Souls were only bent upon the present Bliss, nor did they dream of the approaching Ills. In the Morning there came an Express from Court, to call *Arsanes* instantly back. The two Lovers were both thunder struck, and this sudden separation sound-ed worse, than death to hearts so firmly chain'd. They found, however, with difficulty enough, an opportunity of being alone. The short time was spent in Vows and Tears, and when they came out of the Room 'twas easie to have read in both their Faces, the agony of their Minds. 'Twas but half a days riding between *London* and the Earls house, and tho' there was very much danger in the Execution, he fail'd not to beg the Liberty of coming *Incognito* to see her, whilst she, who cou'd not live without him willingly, granted ev'ry

ev'ry thing he propos'd. Tho' he return'd to Town, he seem'd no more that melancholy Man he had been. His stolen hours at Night allay'd the cares of the Day, and he fail'd not to take his Horse always at Nine, and reach the Earls before One. *Sylvia* still admitted him, and led him thro' the Garden to her Ladies Chamber. He returned always before Day, and his Servant having faithfully kept the Key of his Room, and pretending his Master was a-bed, he had no grounds to fear the Intrigue should be discover'd. One night however *Philena*, who was now too often a stranger to rest, had perswaded *Sylvia* to lie with her; at the usual hour the impatient Youth knock'd at the Garden door, and the Maid who expected nothing less, stole gently down stairs: to admit him. But returning too hastily to acquaint the longing *Amestris*, he, whose mind was wholly employ'd on that Heaven he was about to possess, and being without his guide, stept inadvertently into *Philena's* Room, which border'd upon that of his Charming Mistress, and so without speaking one word, immediately undrest, and with all the tumultuous Joy of a happy Lover, threw himself into the Bed. *Philena*, be-

between sleeping and waking, took him in her Arms, Ah, my *Sylvia*, cry'd she, my very dreams rack me, and I can hardly tell whether my illness proceeds from the disorder of my Body, or the uneasiness of my Mind. Guess, *Irena*, how much the Youth was surpriz'd, he knew *Philena's* Voice perfectly well, and soon grew sensible of that danger, to which his haste had expos'd his Mistress, and his Love. Ere he cou'd return any answer, *Sylvia* enter'd the Room, and believing *Philena* had spoken only to her. Alas, Madam, your Torments sensibly afflict me, that melancholly which has seiz'd you of late, affects the whole Family, and my Lady's concern has almost quite chang'd her from what she was a few Weeks since. Ah, my *Sylvia*, reply'd the fair One, *Amestris* is happy, I'm no stranger to that of which I seem so very ignorant, and her Blessing only proves my Torment. *Sylvia* in the mean time stept into the Bed, and the uneasie Youth endeavouring to steal out. Ah (cry'd the surpriz'd Maid, and immediately caught him by the Arm, thinking it had been *Philena*) whither wou'd you run, by all that's good you must not endanger your health. *Hermes* struggled to

be gone, and *Philena* surpriz'd with this little bustle, cou'd not choose but ask aloud, what was the meaning of this noise, and whom she had got in the Room with her? The Maid was as much surpriz'd as she, and the young Lover finding himself inevitably betray'd, immediately threw himself upon his Knees by the Beds side, and was about to confess the whole mystery, when *Sylvia* cry'd, Ah, Madam, for Heavens sake forgive me, conceal my weakness from your Cousin; this unhappy Youth is my Lover, and has only wander'd into your Chamber instead of mine. Go, Sir, cry'd she, in a louder tone) go, never see me again, as I led you into the House, I'll show you how to get out again, and thereupon went immediately out of the Room, *Hermes* follow'd, dress'd himself at the Garden door, mounted his Horse and rode back to Town the most confused, and the most uneasie Man alive. *Philena* easily believ'd it no other than *Hermes*, but what confirm'd her most in this opinion, was, a rich Sword Belt he had left in the hurry, and which she had frequently seen about him; at the same instant too the lovely *Amestris* found her self with

Child, this added to all her fears, and 'tis easie to foresee in what a Condition this afflicted fair One spent the tedious remainder of the Night. In the Morning the melancholly *Philena* found her drown'd in Tears, and tho' *Sylvia* had given her Lady her Cue, yet her Disorder and Grief easily inform'd her Cousin of some part of the Truth. She ey'd her some time with all the tendernefs of a Friend, and at last with more than Angel goodness told her that in vain she endeavour'd to conceal from her what none knew better, than herself. The Youths Charms justifi'd her Crimes, and she was only Innocent herself, because she was less Fortunate, her passion was the same, tho' she had long conceal'd it, and since her Cousin, cou'd not recall what was past, she advis'd her to make the best of her misfortune, and for the future manage more warily, lest her Conduct might reach the Earl's Ear, or that of her severer Father. Ah, *Philena* (cry'd the weeping Fair, and threw her Arms about her Neck) how shall I confess my Guilt, or where hide my Shame? I'm a Mother without a Husband? *Philena* was doubly surpriz'd, her Cousin's grief and this unexpected misfortune made

her perfectly dumb, but her only care being how to comfort the afflicted Fair, she us'd all the Arguments her Tenderness and Friendship cou'd inspire; and assur'd her, ev'n, that it self might be conceal'd, if she ceas'd to give way to her Grievs, and made use of that Judgment, which she had so frequently shown upon other occasions. In short, the business was so order'd by *Philena's* means, that the two Lovers were happier, than ever, and enjoy'd all the freedoms of a married Couple. In the meantime *Amestris* was brought to Bed of a Son, whom *Philena* sent privately to be kept by an old Nurse of hers in *Wales*, and at once to engage her secrecy and care, inform'd her 'twas her own, and her Lover abroad.

Some Months after this, *Hermes* was sent express to the Court of *France*, about some private business. He knew not how long he might be oblig'd to stay there, and left his dear *Amestris* with all the pains of a sorrowful Lover. He was hardly abroad when the unfortunate Fair found her self a second time with Child, and was at the same time inform'd that her Husband was on his way home from *Rome*. *Philena* and *Sylvia* were strangely afflicted, and the

danger of this unhappy Fair gave them as many pains as if her Condition had been their own. In the mean time the whole Court was alarm'd with a report of the Death of *Hermes*. The Ship was lost upon the Coast of *France*, and no body sav'd from Shipwrack but one poor Cabin Boy, and *Hermes* Servant. 'Twas he who brought back the News of his Masters Death, and inform'd the King, that he saw him and two Seamen plunge into the Main, and leave the sinking Ship, in hopes to reach the Shoar, and that some hours afterward having got to Land upon a Plank, he found the Seamen dead upon the Sand, and believ'd the Waves had carried his Masters Body to some distant Rocks, where no Man durst, at that time, venture to look for it. Poor *Arsanes* was inexpressibly afflicted, he retir'd drowned in Tears, and next morning wrote to *Nerina* and *Amestris*, in terms that prov'd his Friendship worthy of his Age, and that Character of Honesty his Actions long had gain'd him. *Irena*, I know not if a Poets Art could paint all their Grievs, and show you whether a fond Mother, or a fonder Mistress suffer'd most. Let it suffice that I deliver the Story as I found it, and if you'll weigh their

their circumstances yo'll easily imagine their Pains. *Nerina* dyed a few weeks after; and *Amestris* being young not only outliv'd her loss, but was at the end of some Months brought to Bed of another Son. She abandon'd her self however wholly to her Grievs; and since she had lost the dear cause of all she had suffered, she grew so indifferent to the future, that all her wonted caution ceas'd, and 'twas immediately whispered abroad, that she had two Sons in *Wales*. That *Hermes* was their Father, and her Tears for his Death were so many silent witnesses of her Guilt. In the mean time my *Irena* know, that *Hermes* was safe in *France*, his strength had brought him to Shoar, and being succour'd by some Gentlemen who were accidentally by the Seaside, he grew perfectly well after a Sickness of some Months continuance and pursued his Journey to *Paris*. On the Road he unexpectedly met with his old Servant *Galeazo*, who was Posting the same way. The Youth immediately knew him, and you may guess the other was heartily surpriz'd to find his Master so poorly Mounted, and without a Servant. He observ'd his wonder, and inform'd him of the Cause, with all the hast imaginable that

that he might enquire News concerning the Earl. *Galeazo* acquainted him, with their Travels, in as few words as possible, and by the way told him how he had fall'n in Love with a fair *Venetian*. The Story, *Irena*, is very diverting, but besides, that 'tis Forreign to my purpose, and not to be contained in so few Sheets, as these I'm confin'd to, I find most of the Adventure repeated in a Book Entituled *The Inconstant*. To summ up all he told him the Earl lay dangerously ill of a Fever at *Paris*, and he had Posted that Morning above twenty Leagues for a famous Physician, and was now returning without him. Tho' *Hermes* lov'd *Amestris* more, than Life or Honour, yet he griev'd the Earls Sickness, and though he foresaw his Recovery wou'd rob him of all he valued in this World, yet he cou'd not chuse but wish him well; so hard it is to overcome our natural inclinations whether good or bad. The faithful *Galeazo* soon put him in mind of his growing Passion, and long'd to know what had pass'd between him and his Mistress during the Earl's absence. The youth inform'd him of every thing, and the result of all was, that *Hermes* shou'd immediately return

turn and undeceive her in Person, lest the false report of his death might be the cause of hers ; and to order it so before the Earl came, that his Son might ne're be heard of. 'Twas easie to persuade a Man to return to what he lov'd. He knew his business at Court was long since done by another, and *Galeazzo* having furnish'd him with Money, he return'd to *England* with all the expedition imaginable. His habit and his past cares secur'd him from being discover'd. That *Amestris* might not be too much surpriz'd, he went to the Earl's House, and confidently told the Porter he wanted to speak with *Philena* or *Sylvia*. He was immediately call'd in, and *Amestris* being present, you may guess her Joy, to find him still alive, she knew him not till he spoke ; his Voice being better known than his Face. She threw her self into his Arms, and said a thousand tender things which prov'd him still the Master of her Heart, and dearer, than her Life. *Philena* and *Sylvia* shar'd in her good Fortune, and they spent some hours in recounting what had hapn'd to either of 'em since his departure. This passionate Lover found her still as Charm-

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Charming, as that moment in which he saw her first, and tho' he was or'e joy'd to know he had gotten a second pledge of her Heart, yet that pleasure was strangely dash'd, when he heard the World was busie with her name, and by *Philena's* means had the Nurse and his two Children secretly convey'd to Scotland. He in the mean time safe in his disguise stay'd under the same Roof, with his lovely *Amestris*, in the quality of one of her household Servants. The Earl continu'd still so weak that 'twas impossible for him to Travel, and during his absence, the fair Wife prov'd a third time with Child. By this time *Hermes* being reputed dead, and there being no convincing Circumstances of *Amestris* Infidelity, the story of her having two Children quite sunk, and lay neglected, as unworthy of a wise Mans Ear, and had not she been a third time guilty, she might have sav'd her Honour, and *Hermes* rais'd himself, as high, as his best Friends cou'd wish him. By some accident or other her disgrace became the Table Discourse of ev'ry Company, and at last reach'd old *Arfanes*, he immediately wrote to her, and told her, that
he

he did not believe what was said, yet he thought it convenient for her instantly to dismiss her Servant *Gasperino* (for that was the name *Hermes* had assum'd) and come to Court, that her Conduct in publick might disprove what was alledg'd against her, during her Retirement in the Country. *Amestris* was the most unhappy Woman on Earth when she read it. *Hermes* saw all her Grievs, each of 'em read their own Misfortunes in ev'ry line, and both doated on the dear cause of all their past, their present, and their coming Ills. To go home to her Father confirm'd the Story of her Guilt: To banish the Man she lov'd for ever from her Arms, was worse, than death, and he, dead to Ambition and the World, beg'd no other Heaven but Love and her. To sum up all their Ills, as they were a second time perusing this afflicting Letter, there arriv'd a second from the Earl (who was now come to *England*) that inform'd them he wou'd be at home in two days, and only stay'd so long to oblige some *French* Gentlemen who came along with him. Poor *Amestris* was forc'd to bear this addition to her Grievs; she saw her self now inevitably ruin'd, own'd she

merited

merited all the Ills, with which Heaven threatned her, yet thought the Charming Youth, for whom she suffered all, deserved no meaner proofs of Love, his piercing looks repayed what ever she lost, and in his smiles she found her ease again. A thousand things were proposed to heal this wound of Honour, but all things seem impossible to those, who fear every thing, and at last it was resolved to fly together into *France*. 'Tis very easie, *Irena*, to imagine some part of their Grievs; *Philena*, who had always been a Friend, was entrusted with this melancholly Secret, and did them all the little services in her power, she gave her Cousin all her Jewels, and tho' *Hermes* cou'd only Love *Amestris*, yet this fair One's Friendship, and those Tears their Misfortunes drew from her, inspired him with so much Tendernefs for one so just and kind, that it would be hard to give it a name, for as it had something in it less, than Love; so it had a great deal more, than Friendship. They furnished themselves with four very good Horses, and accompanied only by *Sylvia*, and one Servant who had formerly serv'd *Arsanes*, they began their Journey about Mid-night

night. The unhappy Lover, tho' overcome with Grief, yet showed himself as easie as possible, to comfort his dejected Wife (for so he always called her) and she who always prefer'd his happiness to her own, did every thing she could to ease the afflicted Youth. 'Twas then in the dark gloomy Night when both were silent, they found a time to make a thousand melancholly Reflections, and anxiously compared their present with their past Estate. In vain they wished their happy hours again, yet neither of them grieved their own losses, because each of 'em were sensible, that they had been the cause of one anothers Ruin. He considered how happy she had been when he saw her first, the Daughter of *England's* first Favourite, and marry'd to the richest Man of her Country, Mistress of a noble House and many Servants, and now expos'd to the Nights cold damps ; her Honour and her Country lost, and attended only by one Maid, nor could she keep her self from remembering how much her *Hermes* was by all admir'd, when first she charm'd his Heart, and wept to think the gay young glorious Man had lost his rising
For-

Fortune, and his Numerous Friends, abandon'd the bewitching Court, and all the Rewards of his early Services, for one that brought his Ruin for her Dowry.

In this melancholly Condition they came to *Scotland*, and having got their two Sons, they hir'd a small Vessel to transport themselves from *Leith* (about a mile from *Edinburgh*) to the nearest Sea Port Town in *France*. But that very hour they shou'd have gone aboard, the poor Countess, oppress'd with grief, and the length of her Journey, took her Pains and was deliver'd of a third Son, who dy'd in an hour or two afterwards, being born three Months before the usual time. Her danger had almost put an end to her Lovers Misfortunes, but Heaven, that resolv'd to punish her for her sins of Love, restor'd her to her health, and gave her strength enough to endure the Inconveniency of her little Voyage. In the mean time old *Arsanes* was, as unhappy as his Daughter, he rav'd between Grief and Revenge, and made it his only study to find out the Fugitive Lovers. *Philena* told him, she believ'd they went straight from *Dover* to *France* to secure them from being follow'd in-

to

to Scotland, and 'twas not long before the incens'd old Man heard they were at *Paris*. A thousand times he wish'd his *Hermes* had been alive to pursue the base *Gasperino*, the Ravisher of his Honour, and the Disgrace of her Family (for *Galeazo* and *Philena* carefully conceal'd his escape from Shipwrack) But to make him some amends, the Earl was as forward to Revenge the Injury done him, as his Father-in-Law could have wished him. *Hermes* was informed by his faithful *Galeazo* of his danger, and to put himself out of the reach of his Enemy, fled first to *Naples*, and then to *Ancona*. Even there Fate found them out, and *Arsanes* by his interest with *Sigismondo de Gonzago*, the Pope's Legate procur'd their sudden banishment. The distressed Countess, and her Lover thereupon retire to *Sienna*, but were likewise forced thence by Cardinal *Alphonso Castrucio*, the Legates Kinsman. Thus on all hands oppress'd, and their Fortune low, they scarce knew whether to betake themselves. But Love, and the hopes of living in Peace together, taught them to undertake any thing. To enjoy her *Hermes* was a Reward for all her Pains, her Wants and tedious Journeys. They resolved therefore, as their last Effort, to retire to *Venice*, and chose their way through *Romania*. But one day found themselves followed by forty or fifty Horsemen.

men. The unhappy *Amestris*, who never had any fears but for her *Hermes*, immediately alighted, and on her knees, as her last request, beg'd he would take care of himself, and his two Sons, and leave her a prey to his Enemies, since 'twas impossible for him to save her, either by Flight or Force. He had not time to complain of his ill Fortune, or to dispute the matter, he took her once in his Arms, and then fled with his two Sons. But the younger not being so well mounted, was made a Prisoner with his unhappy Mother, and both conveyed secretly to *Naples*: The next day after her Imprisonment, she and her Son, together with *Olivia*, were barbarously strangled, by the Legates order, who looked on this as a notable piece of Service done to his *English* Friend. In the meantime the afflicted *Hermes* liv'd at *Milan*, still in hopes to hear of his dear *Amestris*, and about two years after her death he was murder'd by a Captain of *Lombardy*, as he came out of the *Cordelier's* Church, where he had been hearing Mass. His Son fled, and having changed his name, was never heard of. This happened after *Arsanes's* death, who lived but a few days after the Account of his Daughters murder, never knowing before his death, that all these Misfortunes were the effects of his Friends fatal Love, *Philena* and
Galeazo

Galeazo keeping that secret for both their sakes.

My *Irena*, I have given you this Story free from Force, and the nice Laws of Art; for tho' I had not believ'd that way of Writing to be the best for Pieces of this kind, yet my haste would have taught me, and supplied the want of my Judgment. I could make the common Apology of raw Authors, and tell you I did not design it for the Press. But instead of that, you must give me leave to affirm, that I had no design to write it at all, and began it in a hurry after the Printer had cast off some of the following Sheets, tho' indeed my best excuse is, that I can fix my thoughts no where but on you, and I'm convinced you'll find a thousand little easie faults, which prove not want of Judgment, or of Art, but a soft distraction of the Mind, and half the forces of my divided Soul drawn off by Love and you. *Irena*, I ever believed you the most Witty, and most Vertuous of your Sex, the first guards the latter, and the latter sets a double value upon the first, when joyned to a Face and Shape like yours, a Woman becomes justly our wonder, and 'tis no new thing to see a Man look on his fellow Creature so accomplished with that respect and inward fear he should only pay to powers invisible and above him. Aw'd then

then by my own passion you'll find I have exprest that of other People with all imaginable Modesty, nor will you find one indecent Sentence, but all calm and natural. The profit of Scribling does not repay one fourth of the labour, and 'tis hardly to be supposed I write for Honour, since to be reputed the Author of a few Novels or Epistles (though well done) is no more than to be esteemed a witty sort of Idler, my only motive was to divert you, and if I am so happy, I'm rewarded for my toyl. If you ask why I have not all my Epistles upon different Subjects, that is to say, why do the first six depend upon the Story of *Hermes* and *Amestris*? I have told you how I came by those Papers, and being easily taken with the Misfortunes of two such constant Lovers; I resolved to write it all in Rhime, by way of Letters, but finding that method not so agreeable as I had fancied it. I resolved, as nigh as possible, to imitate *Ovid*. After I had writ some of them, I found the same Subject return'd too often the same thoughts, and therefore chose the Stories of *Odmar*, *Lysander* and others. Your—will be with you next Week, she comes attended with Father — her Confessor, who will tell you how much I am yours.

F I N I S.

HERMES to AMESTRIS.

The ARGUMENT.

Hermes understanding the Grief of Amestris for the Loss of her Honour in the last Favours granted his Love, writes this Epistle to calm her Grievs, and remove the Returns of her Scruples.

EPISTLE I.



WHat yet in Tears? The Fair Amestris still
Estrang'd to Reason, and a Slave to Will?

"Is *Hermes* gone? Is he for ever Fled?

"Is his warm Love, and Oaths already Dead?

"Has he forgot to Day what last he show'd,

"Mark'd out by Heav'n, and singl'd from the
(Crowd?

That you were Fair, ev'n to Destruction so;

That he forgot the Deity for you,

And gave *Amestris* what to Heav'n was due.

That Sacred place, that shou'd Confine the Soul,

And all our Thoughts, and wand'ring Hearts Con-
(troul;
Where

Where ev'ry Act, and ev'ry Look shou'd show
 That Gods are by, concern'd in what we do.
 Where Silence, Pomp, and Ceremony move
 The Humble Mind to a Religious Love.
 Ev'n in that Holy Spot, these holier Ties,
 That bound the Will, paid Homage to your Eyes:
 I look'd, and in that Look ('tis strange to sense)
 I both forgot, and pray'd to Heav'n at once.
 My Vows were all for you, and tho' I lov'd,
 Yet ne'er believ'd *Amestris* wou'd be mov'd.
 Oh boundless Force of Wit, and Beauty Join'd!
 Vast Sympathy of Souls from Earth Refind!
 Both Conquer'd where none Fought, and both
 (Subdu'd the Mind!)
 Great Mystery of Love, we both were pain'd!
 Both lost our All, and in that loss both gain'd!
 Both gain'd what both cou'd wish, and yet
 (both Poor remain'd!)
 Both Bless'd in Grief! Heav'n lay in cares conceal'd!
 And Pains unknown, gave perfect Ease reveal'd!

Here

Here no Rule holds, in Pains both must confess,
 That as the Cause enlarg'd, th' Effect grew less;
 And when 'twas quite remov'd, yet still it did
 (encrease.)

We both were blest'd in Pain, yet neither knew
 Where that bliss lay, till 'twas reveal'd by you.
 Oh! You were kind, your Words dis-jointed,
 (show'd

Your Soul enchain'd, yet shunning to be good;
 You spoke, and as you spoke, wou'd have unsaid
 What e'er of Love your Tenderness betray'd.
 Still Love and Judgment, the new war persu'd,
 But Conquering Love at last compel'd you to be
 (Good.

Oh! You were ever Fair, but doubly then,
 And ev'ry Look Melts down my Heart again:
 'Twas yours before, but not so firmly Chain'd,
 And Love confirm'd, but what your Beauty gain'd.
 Nay ev'ry Charm increas'd, and sure you saw
 That vast Respect, which kept my Soul in awe.
 You saw't, and in my Eyes with Ease cou'd find
 What Genrous Thoughts oppress'd a grateful Mind.

No Rhetorick, but broken Sighs you heard,
 My ev'ry Look confess'd I lov'd, and fear'd.
 Say then we both were blest'd, but doubly I,
 When in soft whispers, and by Rival nigh,
 You Swore you lov'd, and cou'd for *Hermes* Dye. }

How can you think I shou'd ungrateful prove,
 Now I am ty'd by the Reward of Love?

That Minutes Bliss atton'd for painful Years,
 And fenc'd me from the Weight of future Cares.
 Now I am Rich, my Soul no Fortunes move,
 Since I'm the only happy Swain you Love.

Why woud'st thou Mourn, thou Fairest of thy
 (Kind,

And let Forethought, thus Rack thy tender Mind?
 Let anxious Slaves and Women basely Lewd,
 Live drown'd in Cares, *Amestris* is too Good;
 No Sin can e'er distract her easie Breast,
 Or Ills, ev'n wish'd, remove the Cause of Rest.

Why wou'd'st thou Sigh? Can *Hermes* Faithless
 (prove?

Can he forget that Heav'n he ow'd to Love?

From

From thence perhaps proceed your groundless Fears,
 You gave up Honour, and you Mourn'd in Tears.
 Honour, what is't ! A feign'd and empty Sound,
 A stalking Ghost, that's never to be found,
 And only walks upon Enchanted Ground.

Meer prejudice of Education, but strong Sense
 Can with a Thousand such Nice Rules dispence.

Dull Fools may stand in awe, Minds basely low
 May stoop to *Phantoms*, and to *Goblins* Bow,
 But Nobler Souls will Nobler Passions know.

Sure Innocence and Love possess one Heart,
 The last improv'd does the first Bliss impart.

Vertue and Honour for your Sake grew dear,
 And by Loves Compass to Heaven's Port I Steer.

I must be Good and Just, if I wou'd be
 Before my Rival, and preferr'd by thee.

You still were Good, your Vertue was too Nice,
 Too Great, too Fix'd, to Stoop to Humble
 Vice,

And when in form it Sunk, it cost a Glorious
 Price.

Speechless you lay on the disorder'd Bed
 And Wept, 'cause seemingly the shadows fled;
 Nay both wept floods of Tears, but I for you;
 You for a loss, to which no Tears were due:
 You're Vertuous still, by all that's good and bless'd,
 Our Thoughts were such, and only ill express'd.
 Hard Fate of Love, where none can safely trust,
 Till both enjoy, and in that Act both must,
 Shrow'd Honour, for a Moment, o'er with dust.
 Necessity, at least, takes from the Crime,
 If 'twas a Crime to prove thy Heart was mine;
 Or can there be a Sin, where we no Sin design?
 This only way remain'd, for who can be
 Compleatly bless'd, with any half of thee?
 Destroy the Body, and the soul Removes;
 Affect that Soul, and straight the Body Loves.
 Heav'n joyn'd our Wills, and Minds, our Hearts
 (made one.
 Shou'd what Heav'n does, by Mortals be undone?

No,

No, no, my Fair, what *Sophister* can prove
With all his Art, there cou'd be Sin in Love ;
No ! Sin cou'd ne'er create such Holy Fires :
Chast were our Words and harmless our Desires,
Our Souls alone were bless'd, and both can say,
That Nature shar'd it only by the way,
And all Confess the Road to Heav'n thro' Clay. }
Like Vertues Temple, whither none cou'd come,
Till first through that of Honour he had run.
Heav'n mark'd the way, and oh! ye Gods, forgive,
f we mistook, and Love did both deceive —
As through the spacious Hall, by me you're led,
Both trembling now, 'cause both approach the Bed;
Whilst Love and Nature, joyntly plead my Cause,
And yours plead Honour and unjust Laws :
Whilst by the way, in killing pains we stay'd,
You to deny again, I to persuade,
A fearful Lark, persu'd by his strong Foe,
Darts thro' the Room, t' evade th' impending Blow;

O'er both our Heads it flys, and hover'd round,
Till by my hasty Hand, struck to the ground.
What follow'd, you, nor I, can well rehearse,
Joys beyond thought, outstrip the power of Verse.
The lucky Omen a few Hours fulfill'd,
When both did, what both wish'd, and yet what
(neither will'd.
You yeild ! what greater Joys can Heav'n afford ?
Eternal sweets are wrap'd up in that word !
Swift to my Heart, all your dear Accents ran,
And rais'd 'em above the noblest state of Man !
Strait, all my Passions, in New Channels move,
Whilst I'm inspir'd with more, than Humane Love !
But still the noblest Grains are mix'd with Tares,
And this vast Joy has its allay of Fears.
No Mortal e'er cou'd boast a Love like mine,
But oh ! I fear, that time may lessen thine ;
My Fears are just too, ev'ry Day can prove,
Long absence is an Enemy to Love,
And present Objects most the Senses move.

Fortune,

Fortune, thro' cares and toils, drives me away,
But softer Love, still urges a delay,
And Whispers in my Ears, Be Wise, and stay.
No! I must go; but think on what you Vow'd:
Heav'n to the Perjur'd never can be good.

Absence, alas! will make my passion grow,
Disturb my Sea of Love, and make it flow;
But yours no Ebbs, or yet full Tides will know.

When in my Rivals Arms fast lock'd you are,
How will your absent *Hermes* be your Care?

When Drunk with Joy, and reeling with the Bliss,
His Soul half spent, you quicken with a Kiss,
For you must love to shew your Body his.

All this I yield, but in the Act allow
Part of your Soul, who gives his whole to you,
Think how alone, in the cold silent Night,

My Eyes at once estrang'd to Sleep, and Light,
And burden'd Nature does to Sleep invite,
I Sigh for you, and those dear Joys you give,
Whilst I forgot, in Banishment must live.

Far from your Arms Unhappy *Hermes* lies,
 A Stranger to your Thoughts, and to your Eyes.—
 But I may yet return, and if you are
 Just to your Solemn Vows, and Kind as Fair,
 Then my past Sufferings Vanish into Air.
 No Sense of Torments past, will then remain :
 Thy Words like certain Spells, Cure ev'ry Pain,
 And thy first Smiles will give me Heav'n again.
 But oh ! Will e're that Happy Minute come ?
 Will the kind Gods return your *Hermes* home ?
 Oh ! Thou art Just, and if there's Power in Pray'r,
 Use it for me, and Heav'n for both will care.—
 Till then farewell ! — But think when I am gone,
 That I am Sick and Melancholy grown,
 And my Disease, such as can ne'er be known.
 No Physick can the pow'rful Ill withstand,
 But such alone, as comes from thy Fair Hand;
 Write then, and when you Write, be sure to show
 A Thousand things, that I'm in Pain to know.

AMESTRIS.

AMESTRIS to HERMES.

The ARGUMENT.

Amestris not having heard from Hermes for some Months, believes him Unkind, persuades her self, that some New Mistress has Charm'd him, and therefore, between Love, Anger and Despair, sends the following Epistle, hoping by his speedy Answer to be Eas'd from all her Fears, or assur'd of her Misfortune.

EPISTLE II.

(by Love)

Oppress'd with Grief, but still more rack'd
 I Write, in hopes my Words, and Tears may
 (move,
 I have been Bless'd, and oh! you have been kind!
 And now too late, alas! too late I find,
 That then, ev'n then, my Ruine was Design'd!
 Then,

Then, when you Swore, you lov'd, and press'd
(my Hand

(And oh! What Vertue cou'd your Arts withstand!)

Ev'n then, by all that's Great, you wish'd me Ill,
I knew you false, yet I believ'd you still!

Ah! I was mad! But what cou'd Reason do,
At once assaulted by strong Love and You?

Your Eyes, methought, confess'd your inward
Flame;

I saw you wish, what then you durst not Name!

For oh! I then was free from Guilt and Shame!

Bless'd in my Innocence, afar I stood,

And view'd beneath, the Dangers of the Flood:

There I was safe, but you wou'd sooth me in;

Kind Heav'ns! with how much Art did you be-
gin!

And Swore Enjoyment ne'er cou'd be a Sin.

Still you prevail'd, for still my Eyes betray'd,

That my poor Heart confirm'd what e'er you said;

Down

Down from the Rock, by quick degrees I move,
 And you, that shou'd my Guide and Lover prove,
 Can see me Shipwrack'd in the Sea of Love.
 Dear Faithless Youth, is this Loves best Reward?
 Oh ! tell me, do you Heav'n, or Oaths regard?
 Oft have you said, nay, you have often vow'd,
 (Whilst I the Torrent of your Oaths withstood)
 " My Charming Fair, be but one Moment Mine,
 " Come to my Arms, there all thy Fears resign,
 " And in return I'll be for ever thine.
 " I ask the Mighty Joy, as Loves great Proof,
 In that word Love, still you express'd enough ;
 For oh ! I lov'd and own'd the tender Flame,
 Felt all Loves Pains, and thought you felt the same.
 Yet when you Kneel'd, in Tears I have deny'd :
 Beheld you Weeping too, with Secret Pride —
 But stay — Before I urge your fault again,
 Say, did you love ? Or did you only feign ? —
 Why do I ask ? — Oh ! why — But I am lost !
 Where's all that strength of Mind, I once could
 (boast
 For

For you ne'er Lov'd — But then I write in vain,
 A Lover only knows a Lovers Pain,
 And what stale Mistress e'er brought Love again.

Alas! I rave! for now I'm sure you love,
 And in a thousand Forms that Passion prove.
 When I have Wept what cares have you ex-
 (press'd?

And ev'n in Sorrow made me more than Bless'd!
 So many Signs of Grief you ne'er cou'd feign —
 —Yet Tears will hardly prove a real Pain,
 And those who soonest Weep, will soonest
 Laugh again.

What shou'd I say? What wou'd my Heart
 (endite?
 Shou'd one that's mad, pretend to Speak or Write?
 Now I'd believe you love — Yet hardly can,
 For she's bewitch'd, who thinks there's Love in
 (Man,
 By Nature rough, but for our Ruine made;
 Early at Schools, a Master of the Trade.

There

There 'tis with Stripes he's softn'd, Taught the Art
 To Talk, and Lye, and Act a double Part,
 And with a shew of Mildness gain a Womans
 (Heart.)

To harmless Woman, no such Arts are known,
 We fear no Ill, because we think of none;
 Our Passion's soft, our Actions plain and free,
 Not Rul'd by Art, or base Formality.

Then where's the Glorious Victory you Boast?
 Your Honour's safe, that of your Mistress lost,
 And a few Oaths and Lies, the ignoble Conquest
 (cost.)

Poor Pride indeed! The Eagle humbly su'd,
 The Swallow Yields, and therefore is subdu'd;
 And he goes nobly off, and reasonably Proud!

Now you must own I'm Mad!—But 'tis for you!

She shou'd not quarrel, who must only sue.

I come then as a Suppliant—Tell me why

I am forgot, and you thus still delay?

Why are you now a Stranger to my Arms?

Why so insensible to all my Charms?

Still

Still I am Young, by lasting Nature made ;
 As fit for Joys, as when I first was led
 Trembling and Wishing, Weeping to your Bed.
 My Eyes the same, and oh ! how oft you Swore
 You ne'er had felt such Pangs and Joys before,
 And I had still new Sweets, new Charms in Store.
 These yet remain to others, still the same,
 Who ev'ry Hour my Beauties here Proclaim.
 A Thousand wond'ring Coxcombs, I can hear,
 Whom Birth and Fortune, do to you prefer,
 And yet, with Pain, their gaudy Nonsense bear.
 Still o'er my Soul the Wittier *Hermes* rules ;
 I hear him speak, and strait believe them Fools.
 For oh ! you us'd to talk, and Charm my Ears,
 With Words, and Sighs, that Banish'd all my
 (Fears,
 Whilst your kind Bosom shar'd in all my Cares.
 Trembling you us'd to press me to your Breast,
 And oh ! What Raptures have you then express'd,
 And swore no Mortal e'er like you was Bless'd.

Sure

Sure, if you thought not so, the Art was great,
Or my fond Heart advanc'd the base Decent.

What, now I write, had made you happy then,
When first you Swore him greatest amongst Men,
Who shar'd my Thoughts, and in my Breast
(could Reign)

Now you are He, but where's your kind return?
Your Flame's already lost, yet still I burn;
Still I Love on, and still that Love you Scorn!

Oh! tell me (for again I ask the cause)

You seem'd, at first, a Slave to Honours Laws.
Now Gratitude, your Oaths, my Beauty call
Why are you false? Why are you deaf to all?
Grant, I am Stale, or Fool, yet still you must
Grant too, that to your Oaths you shou'd be just.

Now, I believe, I am a Burden grown,
Unfit to give those Joys you once have known!
Ah! there's the cause ——— ah Heav'ns! ———
(am undone!)

Why did I yield? or ——— oh! I Why did I grant!
Why did my Ruin first supply your want?

In Tears you beg'd, in Tears too I deny'd,
 Yet stood for Honour, and in Pain reply'd,
 "Ah! urge no more---Ah! lay that Thought aside!"
 Yet you wou'd kneel, and force my Ruin on;
 I Lov'd, and Pity'd, therefore was undone!
 I yield! and now can no more Beauty boast;
 For where's our Beauty, when our Vertues lost?
 Honour has Charms, besides, we all must own,
 That Women best still please, where least they're
 (known.
 New Faces always please, and Love grown old,
 Is tedious, like a Story often told;
 The Hearers knew the witty Jest before,
 And he that tells it, moves our Mirth no more.
 Strange fault! what Men least know, they most
 (affect,
 Love what they have not, what they have neglect.
 I was bewitch'd, else I had stood afar;
 I might have guess'd what loving Friends you are:
 Oft have I heard how we have been betray'd;
 What Arts you us'd to spoil a harmless Maid.

* And

* And that late Story of the Vertuous Fair, } * An Ad-
 Who found a gentle Storm in seeking Air, } venture
 But was preserv'd by her kind Lovers care, } of the
 Might yet have taught me, how your Oaths to } support
 (prize,

But who at once can be in Love, and Wife.

" Wrapt in his Cloak, th'enchanted Beauty lay,

" And in soft Whispers pass'd the hours away.

" The Rains now gone still she forgets to rife,

" And scorns the danger of a quick surprise;

" Till rous'd by one, whom Fate had that way led,

" She seeks to fly, ashamed to be betray'd,

" But still was fetter'd in the Scarlet Web,

" Her Honour lost, in vain she wou'd retrieve;

" He Swears he'll Love (and she'll poor heart
 (believe:

" And did so, true, till with the blessing cloy'd,

" He then throws off the Mistress he enjoy'd,

" Because she wanted what himself destroy'd.

A Thousand such base Falshoods I cou'd tell,

Now by a dear Experience known too well.

But say Dear perjurd Youth, did I for you,
 Renounce my Honour, break a Marriage Vow,
 And yet for these no kind returns are due?
 For you, what mighty hazards have I run?
 Nay rather say, what is it I've not done?
 Think on the Joys of that dear painful Night,
 And with what Dangers we pers'd Delight.
 "When in your Arms I lay secur'd from Fears,
 "A sudden noise invades my listning Ears;
 "And in the Room, my Rival straight appears.
 "Close by your heaving side, in pain I lay,
 "Trembl'd, and with'd, th' unhappy Maid away,
 "And you, then kind, cou'd hardly bid her stay.
 "You brought me off, (for oh! your Wit ne'er faild!)
 "Cry'd you was Sick, and the kind sham prevail'd.
 The Danger o'er, we gave a Loose to Joy,
 Joys that encrease our flames, and yours destroy!
 Oh! think, my Love, (if I may use that Name)
 With how much hazard to your Arms I came:
 What you have Vow'd when on my Breast you lay,
 And curs'd the Hours that flew too quick away.

How

Hermes to Amestris.

61

How oft we parted; how again return'd;
How oft this coming cruel Absence mourn'd.
Strong were my Fears, and now too just, I find,
But you may yet remove them, if you're kind,
Oh! write then quickly, write, and give me ease,
You have the Art, and when you will can please.

Amestris's rapt by an unresolvable Jealousy, had
in the former Letter writ to her absent Hermes, and
by his speedy Answer, expecting a Cure, or a Con-
firmation of what she kindly Terms her Distemper;
in haste he writes the following Epistle, because
he fear'd a delay might have made her yet more in
Possession of his Love and Constancy.

EPISTLE III.

F 3

Hermes

Tell me thou taint of thy Sex, or I tell
Why you'd Torment the Man that loves
(well)
My Glance only from my Passion grew
I durst not write, lest I should find you
What if the Father, that I love, should say

HERMES to AMESTRIS.

The ARGUMENT.

Amestris rack'd by an unreasonable Jealousie, having in the former Letter writ to her absent Hermes, and by his speedy Answer, expecting a Cure, or a Confirmation of what she kindly Terms her Misfortune; in haste he writes the following Epistle, because he fear'd a delay might have made her yet more suspicious of his Love and Constancy.

EPISTLE. III.

Tell me thou fairest of thy Sex, oh! tell!
 Why you'd Torment the Man, that loves so
 (well?)

My silence only from my Passion grew;
 I durst not write, lest I had ruin'd you.

What if thy Father, shou'd our Loves suspect?

Or

Or shou'd my Love thy Safety quite neglect?
 Then I were false indeed, for that wou'd prove,
 I either cou'd not, or I did not love.
 VVhat most we value, we're afraid to lose;
 For things indiff'rent, meaner cares we use.
 If thou art safe, then all my Pains are heal'd,
 And in thy Ruin my Destruction's seal'd.
 Thou art my All, the Cause of all my Tears,
 And thy Dear Honour, brings me endless Fears.
 I'm only happy, when I think thee so;
 And ev'ry Loss but you can undergo,
 How cou'd I write then? make you that a Fault,
 VVhich Love for you, and Judgment joyntly
 (taught,

" You'll urge, your Charms a common Flame
 (inspire,

" When Reason can give bounds to fierce Desire;
 " That those, who love well, no such Cautions use;
 " Passion and Will, are all the Guides they chuse;
 " Where Prudence still has Empire, Love is weak;
 " For none of both united can partake.

" A gen'rous Flame, no Forms, and Dangers sees,
 " He's impotent in Love, who loves at Ease;
 " And seeks his Happiness by slow Degrees;
 " That Bliss we covet we shou'd still pursue,
 " And naught shou'd bar us from a Heav'n
 (in View.

I grant you this, my Charming Fair, but you
 Must grant there's something to your Honour due.
 Let me suppose, when to your Arms I came,
 I had been only guided by my Flame,
 Eager and burning, careless of your Fame.
 E're now our secret Joys had been reveal'd,
 Joys, that we yet may know, because conceal'd;
 False odious Names on you had been impos'd,
 And our dear Thefts to idle Tongues disclos'd;
 Ah! then *Amestris*, how had you been us'd,
 First by your Husband, then your Friends abus'd!
 Banish'd your Fathers House! I had no more
 Found opportunities, as heretofore, (pains,
 Ghes then (my Love) ghes what had been my
 He has not Courage, who most Valour feigns,

I must confefs I'm still in fears for you ;
 Fears, caus'd by Love, all Mistresses allow,
 How can you doubt my Love, unless you own,
 That I'm insensible, or you unknown?
 To See, and Hate thee; inconsistent are ;
 For you have all that's Soft, or Men call Fair.
 What Heart cou'd e'er be Proof against thy Eyes,
 At the first view thy sprightly Looks surprize !
 And he who sees thee Languishes and Dyes.
 You ne'er had Friends, for that's too cold a Name,
 For all are Lovers, all confefs a flame,
 Which still your Vertue bounds, or else with
 (Art you tame.)

By all that's good, that thought distracts me
 (quite,

I find your Sorrow's but a Cloak to spite,
 Some New-found Fool, by my destruction, thrives,
 And to a Heav'n, he ne'er deserv'd, arrives.
 The fluttering Pop is ne'er at pains to Wooe:
 What He enjoys, is to his Merit due ;

What

For Fools of ev'ry kind in this agree,
 They all have Charms, and the poor case She
 Must still doat on, and never can be free.

Ev'n in your Fault your Punishment is found ;
 And you give Health, where you design to Wound.

Ah whether does my wounded fancy run!
 By Grief, and Love united, I'm undone!

What have I said ! — But oh my Love forgive !
 When you prove false, then you must cease to live.

Strong are thy Charms, thy Vertues stronger far,
 Beauty and falshood inconsistent are.

Drest in your peaceful Smiles, now you return,
 My Anger cools, in kinder flames I burn !

By Heav'n you're Just, nay, you were always so,
 And ev'ry Vertue, ev'ry Charm can show,

What e'er your Sex could boast, or *Evil* her self
 (could know.)

Ah ! I repent ! my thoughts were all confus'd,
 My Judgment, by my Passion, was abus'd.

You

You Love, and you are Constant still,—But then
 How am I Perjur'd? why do you doubt my flame?
 Perhaps you're false, and I am thought the same.
 You measure out my Passion, by your own,
 And think mine lost, 'cause yours is weaker grown.

Why—I am mad again: But 'tis a Fault
 Which Love, and you, nay, your last Letter taught,
 My Passion's boundless, to extremes it moves,
 And He still raves, who wants the thing he loves—
 Now I am hush'd, my Jealousie decays,
 My Anger stoops, and mightier Love obeys.

I see thee pensive, thoughtful, and alone,
 Oppress'd with Grief, uneasie till I come.
 Here you the Scenes of our first Loves Survey;
 There Weeping on the frozen Bed you lay,
 And wet that Place with Tears, where once En-
 (tranc'd we lay!

Your absent *Hermes* in the Room appears,
 You gaze, and look, and straight forget your
 (Tears,

Rep'd

Rap'd with the *Phantom* to his Arms you run,
 Grasp the soft Air, and the short Pleasure's done!
 Your Grief a Thousand Torments does invent,
 Jealous sometimes, then as unjust repent!

Now be as kind as I am, think you see
 A Slave in Chains, yet hating to be free.
 A thousand deadly Pains assault my Heart,
 And all my Reason scarce allays the Smart.
 Philosophy no help, or Comfort brings,
 That Art but serves us in indifferent things.
 Remembrance still, Officious to torment,
 Does thy dear Image to my view present;
 Calls back our Joy now fled, and tells me how
 in Blushes you confess'd I conquer'd you.
 Bless'd with the Heav'nly Sound amaz'd I stood,
 Grasp'd your dear Hand, and all your Changes
 (view'd;
 Fain I'd have spoke, but still in vain I try'd,
 Excess of Joy, the use of Words deny'd:
 At last, with Pain, and much confus'd, I strove
 To ask if I was Bless'd, and you in Love.

Oh!

Oh! Say again, I cry'd, nay, Swear I am!
 Swear you're in Love, and I'm the happy Man! —
 Night posted on, and still our Joys encrease,
 And coming Day cou'd hardly make us cease.
 Still we wou'd talk, and still new Vows prepare,
 You thought me Just, and I believ'd you Fair,
 Both pleas'd, we parted, yet both plung'd in Care.

Heav'n, to our wishes kind, next Night allows,
 A Secret Meeting, and the Place you chuse;
 To your dear Closet both in Pain we came;
 Both Kneel'd, both Vow'd, both own'd the
 (Mighty Flame,
 And did—Oh! What? What now I dare not
 (Name!)

Vast were my Joys, in vain a while I sud,
 For tho' you granted ev'ry thing you cou'd,
 Yet the last Joy, Curs'd Honour ne'er allow'd.

Next Day the idle Phantom was o'ercome,
 And Love, soft Love possess'd the *Goblins* Room,
 Trembling and yielding, in my Arms you lay,
 And Stole—Oh! what—My very Soul away.

The

The boundless Joy remov'd my sense of Cares,
 And I ne'er dreamt that you were Drown'd in
 (Tears;
 Short was the mighty Bliss, and soon allay'd,
 By that, which follow'd, and by what you said.
 Weeping you rose, then turn'd your Face away,
 And fault'ring, ask'd me, why I yet wou'd stay?
 " Now I'm undone (you cry'd) and yet I knew,
 " She who wants Honour, ne'er cou'd Merit you:
 " Why did I yield then? Why did I comply?
 " Why wou'd you ask, what I cou'd not deny?
 " Begon! Oh! *Hermes* leave me to Dispair!
 " My Honour lost, I am not worth your Care:
 " On one more Chast, your Love and Vows
 (bestow,
 " Who can new Charms, and a firm Virtue
 (show:
 " For me, you ne'er can love, because my
 (Crimes you know.
 " I'm perjur'd now—And tho' Love drew me in,
 " Yet the dear Cause can ne'er remove the Sin.

False

" False to my Husband ! to my Marriage Vow !

" How shou'd I think I am esteem'd by you ?

" When still a Thousand Instances can prove,

" They hate the Traitor, who the Treason love.

Heav'ns ! What were then my Fears ? but

(you've confess'd,

My Looks, too well, my Grief, and Love ex-

(press'd

And by these outward Signs, my inward Pains

(you guess'd.

This stop'd your Tears. — But whether do I run ?

While thus I write, perhaps the Post is gone.

But think before I end, I'm still in Love,

Believe, I never can Inconstant prove ;

That still I'm Chain'd ; that still I Live in Pain ;

Till you're at Ease, and till you Write again.

AME.

AMESTRIS to HERMES.

The ARGUMENT.

Amestris repenting her Jealousie on the Receipt of her Letter, and uneasy for the lovely Youth's Absence, she is still in Love, Begs his Return, and had Written more largely, had she not embrac'd the Opportunity of the First Post, because he had alledg'd, he cou'd not be happy till she Writ again.

EPISTLE. IV.

I Write (my Love) and oh! I write with shame,
For I repented e'er your Letter came.
Like some Coy Maid, who does with Oaths refuse
What most she Loves, and what she weeps to lose:
In vain I wish'd the fatal Paper lost,
And knew too well what my false Fears wou'd
(cost.

I saw your Tears, all your Disquiets found
And fear'd your Judgment, like my own, unsound.
Hence 'tis I pardon ev'ry thing you said,
And ev'n your Anger has your Love Betray'd.
I was indeed to blame, and might have known
Your Love, your Pains, and Sorrows by my own.
Your kind recital of our Pleasure's fled,
Confirms my Judgment, by my Fear's misled.
For ev'ry Hour I those dear Scenes survey,
Where once too happy, and too blest'd we lay,
Shades conscious to those Joys, which stole too
(fast away.)
Each Day I view those Figures you Engrav'd,
When your dear Heart and Mine, were first En-
(flav'd.
No Place seems Pleasant, which You have not
(seen,
And I can only walk where You have been.
Sometimes I speak, as if you present were,
And feign your Answer in a Milder Air :

Oh ! I would be invisible, and know
 Where, how you are, and ev'ry thing you do.
 A Thousand tender Charming things I'd say,
 Which I forgot when you went last away :
 Ah ! could I call those Minuets lost again,
 I'd find a Cure, at least suspend my Pain.
 No Laws, no Force shou'd stop my am'rous Flight,
 No Pow'r shou'd e'er remove you from my sight.
 I'd fly—Ah ! whether? What is't I wou'd do?
 I'd almost said, I'd fly away with you !
 And in my Madness force your Ruine too !
 No, my dear *Hermes*, no, I'll still prefer
 Your Ease to mine, alone my Sorrow bear.
 I love too well, nor can I e'er believe
 You wou'd, in Peace, although you lov'd me,
 (live.
 Your Honour lost, Banish'd your Native Land
 Such thoughts, as these, the Ill I wish, withstand.
 Methinks I hear you whisp'ring in my Ear
 A Thousand things I am afraid to hear.

Now

Now Want assaults me; all my Friends are gone;
Now we are wretched here; we're left alone;
Oppress'd with Sorrows, and with Pains un-
(known.)

What have I writ? (my Lord) I ne'er design'd
To show so much Inconstancy of Mind.

Ev'n when you ask'd, you knew I ne'er comply'd;
I own'd I lov'd, but still that Proof deny'd.

Why have I seem'd to wish that Madness now,
Which ev'n in Transports I cou'd ne'er allow?

The Reason's Obvious, I possess'd you then,
And wou'd do so at any rate again.

Oh ! you may make me happy when you will !
Forget those dull Affairs which keep you still,
In that proud Town; unless you wou'd con-
(fess,

That Love shou'd always yield to Business:

You're cold, it seems, but still in Flames I Burn,
And I shall waste, unless you'll strait return.

Still I recount our Joys, nor can the Sin
Bar me from wishing the dear Blis again,
And still that Mad Remembrance does En-
(crease my Pain.)
TheHeav'n, that's lost makes me newHells endure!
In vain my Reason labours for my Cure :
Nor can this vain Remembrance e'er restore
These mighty Pleasures I enjoy'd before.
Return then, my dear Youth, make no Delay,
Nay Write not, least it shou'd excuse your stay,
And think, that you alone can drive my Pains a-
(way.)

HERMES

HERMES *to* AMESTRIS.

The ARGUMENT.

Hermes *having receiv'd the foregoing Epistle, resolves immediately to see her, and to abandon the City without regard to Business. In hast therefore he Writes the following Lines; because he was to begin his Journey that very Hour.*

EPISTLE. V.

L Ast Night, oppress'd with all the pains of Love,
 Whilst Reason vainly 'gainst my Passion
 (strove,

My Soul, o'ercome with the unequal fight,
 Forsook my Body, and my Eyes the Light.

Fast chain'd in Sleep, some hours entranc'd I lay,
 Then 'twas the happy Wand'rer stole away,
 And did, with Transport, thy dear Form survey. }
 G 3 Me.

Methought you lay stretch'd out upon the Bed,
Your Eyes fast shut, and all your Senses fled;
Sometimes you Sigh'd, and gently mov'd your Head;
Then hush'd, in deeper Grievs, your Tears succeed:
A while, with strange Emotions, I beheld
Your heaving Breasts, with inward troubles swell'd;
Conceal'd behind the Curtain, still I stood,
There all your Passions, and faint Struglings view'd.
At last, half waking, " Ah! Dear Youth (you cry'd)
" Too well, Too well I have your Vertue try'd!
" Curs'd be my groundless Fear, or if I fear'd,
" Why has my *Hermes* in my folly shar'd?
" He knew my Love, by that dear proof I gave,
" And saw me from his Mistress, turn his Slave.
" He might have then, at least, excus'd my Grief,
" And to my Fears have sent a kind Relief.
" Oh! Youth, with how much Justice you repay
" That Heart, which I too fondly gave away;
" For had I ne'er been False, you wou'd not now
" Have talk'd of Fops and Coxcombs as you do.

" In

" In this false faithful Breast too fix'd you are.
 " Love, and Religion oft commence a War,
 " But still the last assaults you from afar,
 " Fast to my Heart the deadly Arrow's chain'd,
 " In vain I'd fly, by Love I'm still detain'd.
 " A sense of Duty does my Pains encrease,
 " And you but faintly labour for my Ease.
 " In vain your Absence, too dear Youth, I mourn.
 " For if you lov'd me, you wou'd soon return.
 " I'm here (cry'd I) and flying to your Arms,
 (At once transported with your Words, and
 (Charms)
 " I'm here, my Love, and oh! I am too blest!
 " Too much belov'd! by what you have express'd!
 " Start not my fair one--whither wou'd you fly?
 " We're here alone, secur'd from ev'ry eye,
 " Why wou'd you then — oh! why wou'd
 (you deny?)
 Surpriz'd, your Arms upon my Breast you laid,
 And by a Thousand tokens you betray'd
 How well you understood what I had said.

You yield! oh Gods! both on the Bed we were,
 Drown'd in the mighty Bliss, and void of fear!
 Fierce were our Joys! too strong for Flesh and
 Joys by *Platonicks* never understood! (Blood!
 A Thousand tender, loving things you said!
 And show'd a Transport in each thing you did!
 A Thousand ways the Blessing was encreast!
 And your dear Arms still press'd me to your
 (Breast!)
 Till lost in boundless Joys, my Soul return'd at
 (last,
 In vain I sigh'd to find I was deceiv'd;
 So real it seem'd, I still the Dream believ'd.
 While yet I doubt, my Footman treads the Room,
 Giving your Letter, says the Post is come.
 Believe, with Transports, your dear Lines I read,
 That I was Charm'd with ev'ry thing you said,
 With Joy your kindly Summons I obey;
 No power on Earth shall stop me in my way;
 Scarce till I fold your Letter can I stay.

Hermes to Amestris.

81

I'll post to Heav'n and Happiness in view,

And meet with all I wish, in seeing you.

Now ev'ry Stage an Hundred Miles appears,

And the slow Hours assume the shape of Years.

AMESTRIS

AMESTRIS to HERMES.

The ARGUMENT.

Entirely won to Love, Amestris sums up all the Arguments She can to justify her Flame; and lets him know, that their Love is now near producing a mutual Pledge.

EPISTLE VI.

Dear Youth, if Absence gives thee Pains, like
(mine,

In vain by this I seek for Ease to thine.

Whilst I complain, I but new Griefs impart,
Heal not my own, and yet must wound thy Heart.
Her Loss you mourn, who pines away for yours,
And wasts in fruitless Wishes all her Hours.

Your Cares are mine, and all I suffer now,
Is but to think I cannot be with you.

Your

Your Pain's the same, and when I wou'd complain,
I know you're rack'd, and check that Thought again,
I burn, with equal Flames, and that same Dart
That wounded you, has doubly pierc'd my Heart,
You are my All; I only live for You.
No more Regard my Fame, or Marriage Vow.
For You, my Love, Heav'n did my Heart ordain;
And my first Oath, and Honour plead in vain,
I'm deaf to all but You, here You command,
You have my Heart, and He but got my Hand.
But oh! that was too much, and had I then
Before the Priest call'd in my Arm again,
Had I Obedience to my Friends deny'd,
And all my Father's utmost Fury try'd,
I had not then been guilty of a Crime,
Which first was his, and now's grown wholly mine,
My Heart, too soon, was made anothers Right;
And He perhaps may all my Beauties flight.
His infant Love some foreign Face may gain,
And He, like me, wish to be freed in vain.

We only Love what they with Care have made,
In which wise Nature all her Skill display'd.

Philenas Heart your Charms have caught, like
(mine,

Yet Priests will grant she loves without a Crime.

The Sin then only in Enjoyment lies,

But who can love, and Love's Reward despise?

My only Guilt is that I'm fortunate,

And *She* proves innocent, because *You* hate——

But stay, my Dear——sure I have nought to do

With any thing on Earth, but Love and You.

Let Priests, and frozen Age, make Love a Crime,

Their Trade's to *Speak*, to *Act* is Yours and mine.

Say then (by all the Gods 'twill ease my mind)

As you have been, you will be ever kind,

Just to your Vows, to all but Love be blind.

Let that your Honour, Interest, all devour,

To Wisdom deaf, ah! own no other Power!

Let the soft God, that leads my Heart astray,

Lead you too Hoodwink'd, from the common Way.

Let

Let Grave old Fools, who labour to be wise,
 Talk loud of Honour, and their Int'rest prize;
 Walk on in Vertues Road, and Fame persue,
 In her old Tracts, nor venture out in new;
 But You and I some other Way must prove,
 And boldly plunge in the wide Sea of Love,
 There, in the Search of Pleasures, venture Fame;
 And that dull thing the World mistakes a Name:
 Fam'd for our Loves, we'll ev'ry thing despise,
 And drown'd in Joys, forget we shou'd be wise.
 But ah! my *Hermes*, whither do I fly?
 This Peace of Mind, my growing Fears deny:
 Our secret Joys now threaten publick Shame,
 And I can feel ev'n what I dread to name.
 By all my Hopes of seeing you again,
 By your dear self, the Cause of all my pain,
 By all our past Delights, and Joys to come,
 A part of thee lies fetter'd in my Womb.
 I'm blest to know, that I can keep thee here,
 And nigh my Heart thy living Image bear.

But

But kill'd to think, I cannot long conceal
The tender Pledge, that must our Joys Reveal.
Think then, dear Youth, what's now my hourly
My dying Honour, and my growing Shame,
To Sylvia only all my Pains are known,
Who gives no Ease, but makes my Griefs her own.
In Spight of all my Cares, the Infant grows,
And hastens its own Mother to expose.
But let not this, my Love, disturb your Rest,
If you be well, *Amestris* still is blest.
My Life and Health on yours alone depend,
And I am safe, if you be still my Friend.
Whilst you are kind, I any thing can bear,
Out-brave my Ills, nor my Dishonour fear.
My Father's Frowns, and ev'ry thing despise
That Law can urge, or Priestcraft can devise.
When coming Ills assault my tender Heart,
And a faint Sicknes reigns in ev'ry Part,
I think on You, and all our Pleasures past,
Pleasures too mighty, and too fierce too last!

Thus

Thus cheat my Cares, till unawares I find
 What Pains my Body, Cures my sickly Mind.
 More I wou'd write, but find I am not well,
 And you may ghes what Shame forbids to tell.
 Be here at Night; my faithful Maid shall wait,
 And when you give the Sign, unlock the Gate.

IT

TIMANDRA to ADRASTUS.

The ARGUMENT.

Timandra, sole Daughter and Heiress of the Marquis of Huyana, is in Love with Adrastus, younger Brother to the Earl of Rucana, and he with her; but her Fortune being much above him, their Passion was conceal'd; and She to remove his Fears had granted him the last Favour. The Duke of Minoya is also in Love with her. The Earl of Rucana, finding a Letter of Assignment from Timandra to Adrastus, had a mind to her, and resolves to go in his Place; but Adrastus missing the Letter, acquaints Timandra with the Loss, and She seeming pleas'd for his Negligence, contrives, without his knowledge, to make her Maid Cosmia in her Chariot supply her Place. The Earl of Rucana comes, and falls in Love with Cosmia for Timandra, who gives him hopes; which being overheard by the Duke of Minoya, after the Coach is gone Rucana and Minoya fight. The former is Wounded, and left on the spot; but being carried home, and on a Visit of Adrastus to

H him,

him, tells him the occasion of his Quarrel, with the Favours the suppos'd Timandra had allowed Rucana, and his own Passion for her. Adrastus from this, concluding her false, sends her a Letter to that purpose; in which he lets her know, that her Falshood had made him leave his Country: which is the occasion of the following Letter.

EPISTLE VII.

DEAR Wand'rer speak, ah! whither are you fled?
 By what strange turn of Fate so far misled!
 Once you seem'd fix'd, your Soul all bent on Love;
 But I'm deceiv'd, and you Inconstant prove.
 Ah! can you then forget the Oaths you swore?
 Be Cruel now, as you was Kind before?
 Forget the Hour (wou'd I cou'd do so too,
 But that's a Wish, as mad, as fruitless now)
 In which my Love my Honour first betray'd,
 And you destroy'd a fond, believing Maid.
 You knew my Flame, tho' I might have conceal'd
 With a feign'd Anger, what my Eyes reveal'd:
 But I was kind, and soft, as Innocence,
 And want of Love, seem'd then a want of Sense.
 Had

Had I been Coy, (as Maids will sometimes show,
Ev'n when lewd Smiles, not Frowns adorn their
(Brow.)

Damn'd Love, as madness, and your Vows refus'd,
I had not then, nor now been so abus'd.

Dissembling Jilts, with Art, your Flames encrease,
And a long Labour only gives you ease.

With pain you Court where You are most with-
(stood,

And still what's difficult you think is Good.

An easie Purchase ev'ry Lover scorns ;

And She's despis'd, who owns, too soon, she Burns.

Tell me, Dear Youth, what 'tis you Men persue?
Is Innocence become a Crime with you ?

If to Dissemble well's a Vertue grown,

And Men will Court what they're asham'd to own,

Then to my Self I've been unjust ; and You

Inflict those Pains, which to my Faults are due.

For she, who wou'd a constant Lover gain,

Shou'd still, instead of Pleasure, give him Pain,

Both finding Profit, where you toil in vain.

Alas ! unpractis'd in those Arts, I lov'd ;
 Dreamt no Deceit, who no Deceit had prov'd.
 My Heart was open, *Cupid* led the way,
 And You but studied how you shou'd Betray.
 My Vertue fled, and Love possess'd my Soul,
 Your Treason now no faithful Guards controul :
 Betray'd within, whilst you without Attack,
 And Reason chain'd, that shou'd have forc'd You
 (back.

What cou'd I do? You knew my Weakness too,
 My Looks betray'd me, and I trusted You.
 Disarm'd, I am a trembling Captive led,
 And now my Freedom with my Honour fled.
 The yielding Pris'ner sighs within your Arms,
 And You, uncheck'd, can rifle all her Charms.
 Is't Heroe-like your Captive thus to use?
 She yields on Mercy, who might Terms refuse,
 Now with her Freedom she her All must lose.
 Proud of your easie Conquest, you betray ;
 A Nature mean and base, unfit for Sway.

('Tis

'Tis nobler far to Cherish the Distress'd,
 For mighty Minds ne'er Lord it o'er th' oppress'd.
 You're strangely chang'd since first your Vows
 (began;
 Now you're grown Cold, and quite another Man.
 I've known the Time (but Gods 'tis vanish now)
 When your *Timandra* Blessings cou'd bestow.
 Then you have Vow'd, call'd Heav'n to witness too,
 You Lov'd to Madness, and you wou'd be True.
 Poor I believ'd and was by that undone;
 For who'd have thought that Man cou'd change
 (so soon?

Sure some Enchantment in Enjoyment lies ;
 Love's Sick to find it, and when found, it Dyes.
 By Heav'n I wander, and I know no where,
 But Love, and Grief will make sound Judgments
 (err.
 You are not False, nor can you if you wou'd ;
 You're but deceiv'd, and I'm not understood.
 A Foe unknown has some base Plot contriv'd,
 From whence this seeming Quarrel is deriv'd.

Perhaps *Minoya* or *Rucana* may
Rejoyce to find *Adrastus* still away :
Both now, it may be, busie, hatching how
They may Advance themselves, and Ruine you.
But tho' your Brother's with my Shadow pleas'd,
The other's Flame will not be so appeas'd.
He'll see the Substance, I perhaps may Burn,
(If Love be catching) ere you can return.
My Mother favours too the Youth's design,
And what's her Choice, in Duty shou'd be mine.
Haste then perverted Youth, All I forgive,
Feign your Excuse, and I'll untry'd, believe.
What tho' for Hours the happy Man be cast ?
Love pleads his Cause, and he's Absolv'd at last.
This Easiness, perhaps, you'il justly blame,
But want of Honour, still brings want of Shame.
Had I been Innocent, I had not su'd ;
Too Easie once, must ne'er again be Woo'd.
'Tis strange that Love shou'd Womens Ruine seal,
And we're destroy'd ere we can others heal !

Some

Something we lose invisible, and find,
That when 'tis gone, Men are no longer kind.
From this your cruel, hasty Flight proceeds;
This lost your Heart, this your Unkindness feeds;
Strangers, who do not this soft Crime discern,
Yet gaze upon me with their old concern.
I'm still the same to ev'ry Man, but you ;
A gay young Maid, Chaste, Beautiful, and New.
More I cou'd Write, but you'll Return again ;
For Youth, and Beauty rarely plead in vain ;
Nor can *Adrastus* let a Maid Complain.

LYSANDER to CALISTA.

The A R G U M E N T.

During the Reign of Henry the 4th of France, Cleander, a Man fam'd for his Courage, but more by his tragical Death, took to Wife the handsomest Lady in all that Country, call'd Calista ; with whom Lysander felt desperately in Love. He liv'd frequently under the same Roof with his adorable Mistress, the First in her Esteem, and her Husbands bosom Friend. This instead of hind'ring, only Encourag'd him to make frequent, but secret Addresses to the fair One ; who, tho' she indeed lov'd him, and confess'd so much, yet kept firm in her Duty, and constant to her First Vow. At last fearing, lest Cleander might come to know his Crime by some accident or other, knowing that Love cannot be long hid where 'tis, nor feign'd where 'tis not ; and hoping by Absence (it may be) to cure himself, and extinguish a Flame, that in Time might consume his Honour, as already it had wasted his Ease, under at the pretence of Business he at once abandon'd his Mistress and his Friend : And that very Night as he rode to Fountain Bleau, had the good
Fortune

Fortune to relieve her ag'd Father, and her Brother, when assaulted and in danger of being kill'd for his fruitless Resistance by a considerable Number of Highway-men compleatly arm'd. In his Absence, he fell several times into violent Feavers, procur'd by an Excess of Grief and Passion; during which time he wrote often to her, and had always just and modest Returns. He came home again too, but still sued in vain; her Vertue was as strong as his Passion. But after many Adventures, he unluckily quarrel'd with Cloridon: Then a mighty Favourite of the Kings; having kill'd him, he was oblig'd to Fly into Holland. In his Absence, the Combat was very ill represented to his Majesty, and having no hopes of obtaining his Pardon, or of returning speedily to his Native Country, and still haunted with his old Passion, for the fair Calista, he writes to her the following Epistle.

EPISTLE VIII.

SAY, fair *Calista*, you have never felt
The Pangs of Love ; no Charms your Heart
(cou'd melt,
That you were always Cold, from Torments
(free ;
To all Indifferent, as you've been to Me :

Or

Or grant Loves softer Cares possess'd your Breast,
And Bless'd *Cleander* those sweet Pains encreast ;
Or own you gave your Hand, without your Heart,
And acted, but in Show, a Marry'd Part ;
Grant either, cruel Fair, and tell me how,
If you once Lov'd, you lost the Method now.
For She who once the tempting Flame endur'd,
May yet again Relapse, and twice be Cur'd.
If you dissembl'd, when the Knot was ty'd,
And knew your self but outwardly a Bride,
Be still the same, repeat the Sin again,
The Crime's now easie, as you found it then.

If e'er you lov'd, and all Loves Torments knew,
You'd Mourn my Cares, at least feign'd Pity shew;
That might, by Time, to real Flames be turn'd,
And you, at last, might kindly own you Burn'd.

You Urge your Solemn Vows — that's found
(at length,
A Whim of Priestcraft to advance their Strength ;
These Cobweb Laws were made for boistr'ous Fools,
Like Whips, with Bells, for Dogs and Boys at Schools.

Like

The laſh of weaker Judgments, they call Sin,
And with big Words, keep the mad Rabble in,
What is your Bugbear Perjury ?—Men find,
'Tis but the Terrors of an unripe Mind.

When mad to day, we mighty Vows beſtow,
To morrow change them 'cauſe we wiſer grow.

Oaths are but Solemn Words, which only tend—
T' expreſs the then-Intention of the Mind ;

But ne'er we're by the Wiſe for future Acts de-
(ſign'd.)

If Love's too hard, let Gratitude prevail,
For that may do, where ſtronger Paſſions fail :
Your Father, when by Multitudes oppreſt,
And ſpent with Fighting, from my Sword found
(Reſt ;

By my right Arm, ſome dying preſt the Field,
Whiſt other wiſer to my Fury yield:

Honour 'twas call'd, but Love 'twas ſpur'd me on,
The 'Effect was obvious, but the Cauſe un-
(known.

Poor

Poor *Clarengus* for fair *Olinda* burns ;
 He quits the World and hopes no kind Returns.
 Dead to his Friends, th' unhappy Lover's plac'd
 In a dull Convent, and with Orders grac'd.
 Religions Cloak obscures his inward Cares,
 Whilst happier *Lidian* for new Joys prepares.

Heav'ns! What's this Love? for tho' I feel the
 (Pain,

And ev'ry Thought brings back new Hells again;
 Yet, like One hurt, unknowing that he bleeds,
 I feel, and know not whence the Smart proceeds.

Opprest with Ill's, Seven tedious Weeks I lay
 To burning Feavers, Love, and Grief a Prey.
 My mourning Sister gave her kindly Tears,
 The Convert Lover sent up frequent Prayers,
 And still unheard of Symptoms rous'd their
 Fears.

But Heav'n, which ev'ry Hour can Joys afford
 Health to my Body, not my Mind restor'd.
 Yet Gratitude for heavy Penance cry'd,
 And to remove thee from my Breast I try'd.

In Pilgrims Weeds, to *Montserrat* I flew,
 But there alas! I dreamt of Nought but You!
 No Thanks to the Almighty Power were paid;
 instead of that, I for *Calista* pray'd.
 Thus I Lov'd on till *Cloridon*, too Proud
 Of's Masters Smiles, proclaim'd his Hate aloud;
 His Honour, which he madly thought was lost,
 (And fearing lest old Triumphs I shou'd boast)
 He wildly strove to purchase back again,
 Whilst I made mild Remonstrances in vain;
 At last both Arm'd, into the Field we came,
 Where Death did soon the Hot-brain'd Warriour
 (tame.

Not mov'd by Pride, I boast such Deeds as these,
 I'd have my Passions, not my Valour please.
 But from this Act my Banishment began,
 And I'm at Court a base, and treach'rous Man.
 The Deed was fair; but if by Fame abus'd,
 You think me Guilty, 'cause, by Foes, accus'd,
 If the bless'd Partner of your happy Bed,
 Like You, by Villains is, and Foes misled,

Then

Then *I* am curs'd indeed, no way remains
 To prove my Innocence, and heal my Pains.
 Oppress'd, on all Hands, *I* must sink at last,
 As the stiff Oak, that a long Storm has past,
 Nods on a while, then yields to the last Blast.
 What raving Winds have so long try'd in vain,
 One gentle Puff, when weakn'd may obtain.
 Unman'd, by Love, my Courage quite decay'd,
 By you neglected, and by Foes betray'd:
 Now Life it Self, a heavy Burden's grown,
 Unfit for Use, and *I* may throw it down.

Cou'd you but Love—But Honour Arms at this,
 And Barrs my Entry to the Hav'n of Bliss!——
 Farewell! bless'd Maid! and when *Lysander* dies,
 Fix on his homely Tomb these Words—*Here lies*
My Beauties Slave, My Honours Sacrifice.

DARIA

DARIA to ODMAR.

The ARGUMENT.

Dion and Aristeon were Neighbouring Gentlemen in the Country, of equal Quallity and Family, but of far unequal Power and Wealth, in both which, Dion extreamly excells Aristeon, who had by his belov'd Wife Julietta, one only Daughtex nam'd Daria, as Dion had one only Son call'd Odmar; she as particular for Beauty, as he for Merits proper to his Sex: Dion's Misfortune of a Fall near Aristeon's House, brought his Son Odmar thither to see him in his Illness, where seeing Daria, he fell in Love with her; nor was she displeas'd with his Adress; by Consent they meet at appointed Times in secret, near a River Side, not far from Aristeon's Garden; but their Interviews there being discover'd by Aristeon, and broke off by a Promise of Daria, never to see him more in private; Love laugh'd at the Engagement, and broke it; for now they meet by Night at a lonesome Lodge, at the End of the Garden;

Garden, where while with her Lover, she hears her self sought ev'rywhere by her Father; but is however, on Promise and Vows of Marriage, enjoy'd by Odmar; who in the Morning, discover'd in his Retreat by Aristeon, she accus'd and convicted of Dishonour by her Father, and forever banish'd his Sight; Her Mother Julietta is more mild, tho' not less troubl'd. Odmar, at his Departure, promised to come to the Lodge the next Night, but being hindred by his Father, she on the Disappointment, not knowing the Cause, writes the following Letter: And after that, flies from her Father's House, with a Design of retiring to a Monastery, but in her Way, is found tyr'd, by Odmar and a Priest, and Marry'd.

EPISTLE IX.

THEN I am lost! the long wish'd Minutes past!
 And I unhappily grow wise at last.
 Oh! might I yet be Fool'd, and yet believe!
 And might my Oámar yet again deceive!
 Oh! might you Swear what you ne'r meant to Act,
 Give me new Hopes, and drive my Sorrows back!

Thus

Thus keep me still uncertain of my Fate,
 And think you Love, when 'tis too plain you Hate.
 But ev'n that scanty Heav'n you scorn to Grant,
 And you are pleas'd, that I shou'd know my Want.
 Else you wou'd think I were but half distress'd,
 Knowing, they're blest'd, who know not they're
 (oppress'd

Oh! is it kind to kill the Maid you Lov'd?

Some Men have done so, when by Passion mov'd

But still the deed to both has fatal prov'd.

The fam'd *Othello*, more of Vertue show'd,

And *Oroonoko* pay'd a Debt he ow'd.

Both lov'd when both destroy'd! All own the last,

O'ercome with thinking of the Ills they past,

But sav'd his Mistress from a Worse at last.

Oh! think, my *Odmar*, what last Night you said!

"Command my *Daria*, and you'll be obey'd;

Through mighty Armies bid me chuse my way,

Or trust my Person to th' inconstant Sea,

Let all the Elements oppose my Flight,

Yet thy dear Charms will bring me back to Night.

A Father's Frowns, and a kind Mothers Tears
 Must all give way to Charming *Darias* Fears——
 Oh! Gods! such Joys you never can bestow!
 But on your best Lov'd Favourites below!
 They differ nought from what your selves possess,
 But ours decay, and yours grow never less!
 Heav'ns! then, can you be False? so quickly chang'd?
 Your Vows forgot? and your dear Heart Estrang'd?
 That Heart, that, but last Night, was scarcely thine,
 And heav'd thy Breast, as if 'twou'd enter mine!
 Your Joys seem'd boundless; and in spite of,
 (Shame,
 I too must own I felt an equal Flame,
 And oh! wou'd yours, like mine, were still the
 (same!)
 Alas! in vain I wish your Heart again!
 You Men ne'er love; or grant you rarely feign;
 Yet still Enjoyments cures the burning Pain. }
 Night's now far spent, and ev'n the Stars are
 (fled,
 The Earth seems all one Cave; one gloomy Shade;
 The

The murm'ring Waters gently glide away ;
And each small Stream now hastens to the Sea ;
The drowsie Fishes, in their Ouzie beds,
Scarce hear the purling Water o'er their Heads !
Birds, with their young ones, dream, and know no
(pain,
Unless, like me, they wish the Light again.
Now nothing moves but the sad Bird of Night,
Who, fenc'd by Da kness, boldly takes his Flight:
Now all but we, their powers to Sleep resign,
Want's his Disease, and Love alas! is mine.
Mine's still the Worst, the Bird his Prey may find,
But I'm my self a Prey, if you're unkind.
In that same, fatal Lodge, where I was blest'd ;
Where you, last Night, a Lovers Joys possess'd :
On that same Bed, where both too blest'd we lay,
I Write, and Weep the tedious Hours away !
Each little Noise alarms my watchful Ears ;
I'm now all Joy, and now again all Fears ;

When, drown'd in Thought, the Ruffling of the
 (Wind }
 I take for you, and straight believe you kind,
 But then again my Father damps my Mind!
 I dread his coming, but I dye for yours;
 And think the Minutes chang'd to ling'ring Hours.
 Now I cou'd all your tender Vows repeat;
 Those Vows and Looks, that did my Pride defeat.
 Your ev'ry Sigh, your Tears, and tell you how,
 I gave you All to purchase Ease to you.
 But I am mild, and never cou'd upbraid,
 For I am only by my self betray'd.
 Had I not lov'd, I yet no guilt had known;
 The Fault was mine, the Punishment my own.
 I'm well repay'd, yet had I not believ'd
 Your Solemn Vows, I had not been deceiv'd.
 My fearful Nature kept me in the Room,
 The Door was lock'd, and Love had seal'd my Doom!
 The Ghost, I shou'd have fear'd, was only you,
 For what cou'd Sprights and wand'ring Shadows do?

But

But oh ! I thought I was in safety plac'd,
 Your looks were still, with so much softness, grac'd.
 Now listen, dear lov'd Man, and hear a Tale,
 So moving, that I am sure it must prevail :
 Nor can you chuse but weep, unless you own
 You're more, than Man, or else like Rocks ob-
 (durate grown.

You know what Joys consum'd the short liv'd

And, with what Pains, we view'd the dawning
 (Night !
 (Light :

Around my Neck you claspt your trembling Arms,
 Spoke, Sigh'd, grew silent, and admir'd my Charms.
 Curs'd coming Day ; then view'd my Face again,
 And wish'd, that half the Night did yet remain,
 A Thousand Sighs, your inward Cares express'd :
 And I, like you, with Sorrow was oppress'd.

You'd start half up, and then shrink down again :

“ Oh ! might I stay, but that's a wish too vain !
 “ For Loves great Joys fore-run Love's mighty
 (Pain !)

" Curs'd Absence! —————

" Then kiss'd, and cry'd, this once before we part!

" And press'd me weeping, to your trembling Heart:

" Once more my wond'rous fair—this once for all,

" We'll meet at Night.—believ't my Fair—we shall.—

" Then I must go.—Bless'd Charming Maid
(farewell,

" This one days Absence, is a short liv'd Hell,

" But——Be at Ease, and all will yet be well."

" Now! Now! Farewell—That said, away you flew,
And I at once my Senses lost, and You!

Poor *Aristeon*, for my Absence pain'd,

The live long Night in deadly Fears remain'd;

Too soon the Griev'd old Man forsook his Bed,

And walk'd his Rounds ere Night was wholly fled;

He fear'd his Daughter might by Beasts be slain,

And sought her mangl'd Corps o'er all the Plain.

In vain He Search'd, in vain were all his Cares,

And ev'ry Minute doubl'd his first Fears.

Till by the Way he fix'd his eyes on you,

And trac'd your Footsteps, on the treach'rous Dew.

Ah

Ah ! you may ghes how far these Footsteps led,
And see him find me weeping, and a Bed.
What cou'd I do ? his Looks renew'd my Pain ;
I thought on you, and fainted o'er again !
My Crime was obvious, and in vain I su'd,
(When life return'd) and urg'd whate'er I cou'd ;
Tears stopt my Tongue, nor Arguments prevail'd,
My Judge was furious, and my Courage fail'd.
Oh ! see him shoot, like lightning, from my sight.
And Curse the Hour, that brought me first to Light,
Now I'm contemn'd by him--yet that's but small,
Whate'er I lose, your Love repays it all.
But Gods ! I'm left by you, by you despis'd !
In these few Words are all my Wants compriz'd !
Now my past Fears to greater Ills give way ;
And here alone at Midnight I must stay ;
When stalking Ghosts to snowy Shrouds confin'd,
And Forms unknown before my Eyes I find,
When my perverted Judgment, Goblins makes, ;
And it's own Fears for real Shadows takes ;

When almost Dead, with Fears, I think on You,
And that Reward to Injur'd Honour due,
These Phantoms fly, and heavier Cares succeed,
Cares, which it seems, you are resolv'd to feed.
Oaths are but Bands for Fools ; But you are Wise;
You break those Bands, and scorn such empty
(Tyes.

Gods how you Swore ! you'd meet me here to
(Night !

And, with what Pains, you'd wait the flying
(Light!——

Yet Perjury's a Crime, too base for You,
Nor wou'd I seem to urge you're guilty now,
Far be that Thought! if *Odmar* proves unjust,
What shall I do ? to whom my Person trust?
For You, my Father and my Honour's lost !
And all that Peace of Mind, which Virgins boast !
For You the tender *Julietta* mourns,
For You her yet unhappier Daughter burns :
For You old *Aristeon* tears his Hair ;
Fills all his House, and all his Friends with Care.

When

When on the River Bank, some Weeks ago,
 My Father first our Mutual Flames did know,
 Flames, which we long conceal'd, by Chance be-
 And He believ'd *I* was no more a Maid; (tray'd,
 Heav'ns! how he mourn'd! but *I* from Guilt was
 (free,

Smil'd at the Storm, and cou'd no Hurt foresee!
 But now the Crime's too Plain, and *I* must own,
 From Disobedience all my Ills have grown.

I Vow'd (to please) *I* ne'er wou'd see you more,
 But Love, it seems, that Laugh'd at what *I* Swore,
 Strait made me fonder, than *I* was before. }

The first was mine, and now become your Fault;
 And you but act, what *I* my self have taught.
 But, *Odmar*, think from whence my Crime began,
 And from what Source this tender Failing ran.
 'Twas Love for you: 'twas all to make you Bes'd:
 Your Ease was all *I* fought, and all *I* wish'd.
 On you *I* thought my Heart was well bestow'd;
 For you seem'd Just, and singularly good.

Even

Ev'n Sins, for you, I thought no more were such;
And still believ'd I ne'er cou'd grant too much.
By all the pow'rs above ! I think so still,
Nor will I think, that e'er you meant me ill.
Oh ! let not *Dions* Threats o'er Love prevail,
If Love and Duty Fight, let Duty fail.
Let all our Crimes, and Vertues be the same,
Forget the Son, and think it but a Name.
Fly to my Arms, for sure to me you're more,
Than all my Friends who wish'd me well before,
'Here in the Lodge I'll stay, and dwell with Pain,
Till you return, and heal my Soul again.
My faithful Maid can best my Sorrows tell ;
For I'm too much oppress'd to Paint them well.
Write not by her, but come, urge no delay ;
Ride Post, and I'll excuse your last Nights stay.

STRE.

STREPHON *to* CLEONE.

The ARGUMENT.

Strephon being in Love with, and belov'd by Cleone, in his Absence, fearing her Husband shou'd recover her Love, or her Scruples extinguish that she bore Strephon, he writes the following Letter.

EPISTLE X.

S Peak, my Cleone, where's your Fondness now?
Must your last Oaths give way to your first
(Vow?)

Is Strephon's Rival to himself prefer'd?

Is he grown Wise, who has so often err'd?

Have you forgot that Tenderneſs, he shou'd?

How well the Clown express'd that Love he ow'd?

When

When you refus'd t'augment the Common Herd,
 Where Wine, and Madnes, in each Action shar'd;
 By Heav'n that Rudeness you shou'd ne'er forgive,
 He well deserves your Hatred whilst you live.
 If you forget such Injuries, as these,
 If to abuse you be the way to please,
 Then I am lost indeed, in vain I sue,
 For ev'n in Thought, I ne'er cou'd injure you.
 Can present Wrongs the absent Good expell?
 And can you Hate the Man, that us'd you well?
 Oh! think, *Cleone*, when you wou'd complain,
 How your sad Looks oppress'd my Soul with Pain;
Your Tears drew *mine*, *my* Sighs on *yours* wou'd
 (wait,

And I was taught by you to Love or Hate.
 My Passions follow'd yours, whate'er you said
 Sprung to my Heart, and all my Soul obey'd,
 What is't I have not done to show I Lov'd?
 But tell me how has he his Fondness prov'd?

When you the lustful Satyrs close persue,
 Whose Trade it is to ruine Maids, like you,

Then

Then he your Rescue fought ; 'twas nobly done,
 But ev'ry Fool will squabble for his own.
 When absent, you have fed his tender Lambs,
 And led the stragling Young Ones to their Dams;
 His Mossie Bed you always strew'd with Flow'rs,
 And sat in Pain to watch his Midnight Hours;
 When he, with beastly Swains had spent the Day,
 Reeling, with Wine, to you he took his Way :
 His Cares were left with you, but you too kind,
 Show'd Love alone possess'd your generous Mind :
 The nauseous Fool was center'd in your Arms,
 Whilst you, to please, wou'd muster all your
 (Charms ;
 His Lust once fled, he gave himself to Sleep,
 And left you, as you'd chuse, to Laugh, or Weep.
 Doubtless he's still the same, then can you Love
 A Man, whose actions shou'd your Hatred move ?
 Did he all Day, beneath some cooling Shade,
 With stretch'd out Arms, bear your declining
 (Head ?

When

When scorching Suns to Droufiness incline,
 Disrobe his Limbs to keep the Heat from thine ?
 Walk with a Lovers Care around the Grove,
 And start to see the very Bushes move,
 Lest the soft Noise shou'd wake his slumb'ring
 Love ?

Or did He, when the posting Sun declines,
 And distant Hills like polish'd Mettals shine,
 Sit by some purling Stream, and there to move,
 Tell thee a Thousand Stories of his Love ?
 Repeat his Cares, and Fears, when First he Woo'd,
 And all the ways, by which you were subdu'd :
 How oft your Frowns wou'd pierce his bleeding
 (Heart ?

And how your Smiles again wou'd Health im-
 (part ?

How blest when first you listen'd to his Tale ?
 And your dear Eyes confess'd he wou'd prevail ?
 What Fears each handsome Shepherd did inspire ?
 And how their Courtship hightned his Desire ?

Then

Then take thee in his Arms and trembling cry,

“ I was your Choice, for Me you All deny ;

“ The Fearful Humble *Strophon* you wou'd chuse,

“ And all the Brisker am'rous Swains refuse,

“ How shall I e'er repay the Mighty Bliss?

“ A Bliss that yet outstrips my outmost Wish ?

“ Time, that wafts all things, shall encrease my
(Love,

“ And my vast Stock of Fondness still improve.

Were this the constant Business of his Life,

Were you at once his Mistress, and his Wife,

Did he but know that Heav'n, which he possess'd,

How much beyond his fellow Creatures bless'd,

Then I unjustly shou'd my Suff'rings move,

To break the happy Course of prosp'rous Love.

But Gods ! I know his Heart can ne'er be charm'd,

Nor, with such gen'rous Flames, his Soul be
(warm'd ;

Nor can *Cleone* be to Sense unjust,

And swallow down, for Love, degenerate Lust.

That

That Body was for nobler Uses made,
 Where Nature all her outmost Arts betray'd,
 When in some more, than earthly Mould, the
 (wond'rous Piece she laid.
 Shoud'st thou, the Charming Goddess of the,
 (Plains,
 For whom each Youth his first lov'd Choice
 (disdains,
 The Young Maids Envy for their perjur'd Swains,
 Should'st thou alone be to his Arms confin'd,
 A heavy Fool, to all thy Beauties Blind,
 Who hates by Chance, and will by Fits be kind!
 He Doats and Scorns, and knows no Reason why,
 Whilst thy strong Reason must his Love obey,
 And where he runs, there you must chuse your
 (Way.
 Oh! Gods, why was this Shepherd made your
 (Choice?
 What Spells? What Philtres, First procur'd your
 (Voice?

What

K

His

His Stock, each Hour, encreas'd, for Fools will
(thrive,
And unto Wealth (they know not how) arrive,
Whilst better Judgments scarce make Shift to
live.

Your Parents (for the Old still hunt for Gain)
 With wellcome Smiles, his Suit did entertain ;
 Told thee how many Farms his Cattle-stor'd,
 And all the Pleasures, Riches cou'd afford ;
 Sooth'd thy Young Fears, and shew'd thee too,
 (to please,
 His grazing Flocks, and bid you be at ease,
 The happy Owner freely gave you these.
 Confin'd, at home (for Youth wou'd still be free)
 And only dreaming of your Liberty,
 To be reliev'd from Age, ensur'd Content.
 (For their Advice we all, as Checks resent)
 This was perhaps your Case, and mov'd your
 (first Consent :
 In Search of Freedom, into Bonds you fell,
 And where you look'd for Heav'n, you found an
 (Hell
 Then

Then, my *Cleone*, think a Tye so weak,
Without a Sin; you easily may break.

To this Mischance you was, when Young, betray'd,
Your Judgment absent, when the Bond wa^s
(made

That Faithful Guardian no such Contract saw,
And then of Course it must be void in Law.

If Infant Oaths shou'd bind, or drawn by Fear,
To sign what we can neither Read, nor Hear ;
If Deeds like these, have Force, we cherish Wrong;
Age preys on Youth ; the Weak must feed the
(Strong.

If trick'd, when Young, to make a Solemn Vow,
You're grown too wise to think it binding now.

But grant it were, 'twas made Conditional,
And those who keep not, forfeit Right to all.

He first began the Breach, from Honour fled ;
And rais'd an Homely Dowdie to his Bed.

This mean and simple Wench prefer'd to you,
And Gods ! you bore it, tho' the Deed you knew.

Heav'ns! where was then a Womans just Revenge?
Who else, but you, cou'd bear a Deed so strange?
Wear still your Smiles, and Scorn th' ignoble
(change?)

But you, too Good, his Treachery forgave,
And smil'd to see him wanton with his Slave;
Nay, you had still lov'd on, and still obey'd,
Had still been pleas'd, with what he did, or said,
Had not repeated Wrongs your Love withstood,
Wrongs not to be endur'd by Flesh and Blood.
Just at that very Time, 'twas I arriv'd,
I saw you griev'd, and by his Folly thriv'd;
I found him oft your soft Embraces shun,
Nor charm'd to Wonder when you Danc'd or sung,
In vain your dear bewitching Smiles bestow'd,
For all his Pleasures center'd in a Crowd;
I ply'd the lucky Hour, my Suit was heard,
To all I said, you shew'd a soft Regard;
Pleas'd, when you heard my oft repeated Vows,
Whilst Constancy beneath the Burden bows;

Your

К 3

PHAON

PHAON *to* SAPHO.

The ARGUMENT.

Phaon having been some time absent from Sapho, in Sicily; Ovid makes her write him a very Passionate Letter, full of her Jealousie and Despair, which Letter our Author Answers for Phaon, in the following Epistle.

EPISTLE XI.

With killing pains, your Letter I have read,
 And dye to hear you think me basely fled.
 Think, *Sapho* think, the Tempest you have rais'd
 Within my Soul, will never be appeas'd:
 My Thoughts, like rageing Seas, tumultuous grown,
 Now war, and rife, and beat each other down.

I'm

I'm all confus'd, and know not what I write,
When Love presents thee dying to my Sight !
Live *Sapho*, live ! when *Phaon* proves unkind,
Seas shall be hush'd, when threatn'd by the Wind,
The Moon no more her borrow'd Light renew,
Nor Scorching Suns, exhale the Morning Dew.
I burn, like you ; all *Ætnas* Flames are mine,
And now, besides my own, I'm charg'd with thine.
Thy Absence once was all, that cou'd Torment,
But now thy Danger does the weight Augment.
Oh ! tell me why you think I faithless prove ?
Is it because I ne'er deserv'd your Love ?
I own your Heart shou'd be a Monarchs Care,
And your dear Smiles might charm ev'n wild
Despair ;
Your Voice, like pow'rful *Jove*, might baffle Death,
And if you call'd, keep back my flying Breath ;
Oh ! more than mortal Maid ! thy Tears resign,
Let all thy Cares, and all thy Pains be mine ;
Oh ! let thy Muse, and Lute, thy Peace restore ;
But do not charm our Youth of *Lesbos* more.

How have I seen, when you have Sung, or Plai'd, }
 Ty'd up your flowing Hairs, or Verses made, }
 All gaze, and wonder, at the heavenly Maid ! }
 Each lov'd, and bow'd, consum'd with inward Fires,
 This one your Wit, and that your Air admires,
 Whilst you to all a kind indifference show'd ;
 Still cold your self, you yet inflam'd the Crowd.
 Your *Phaon* then had not possess'd your Breast,
 Nor anxious Love, at Nights, disturb'd your rest.
 The soft Young God, your Bosom ne'er had warm'd,
 Nor racking Jealousies, your Soul alarm'd :
 Free from all Cares, of blooming Youth possess'd, }
 Bless'd with soft Ease, by ev'ry Man confess'd, }
 Of all your Sex, the Fairest, and the Best. }
 Your numerous Slaves, your Pride, nor Hate cou'd
 (raise,
 Not mov'd, by Conquest, nor seen fond of Praise.
 Thus bless'd, and that belov'd, by all rever'd ; }
 You singl'd out your *Phaon* from the Herd, }
 And me to all the *Lesbian* Youth preferr'd. }

Gods!

Gods! Can I then be false! were Love unjust,
Yet *Sapho* to my Gratitude might trust.
But oh! believe my Passion needs no stay,
It yet stands firm, and never can decay;
Your Charms, like Magick Spells, for ever bind;
And I am pleas'd to know my self confin'd.
How oft my Soul, like yours, recounts our loves;
How oft I wander, through the Caves and Groves,
How oft remember, what you've done and said,
When we have lain upon the grassie Bed;
Where faint, with boundless Joys, you oft wou'd rest
Your trembling Hands upon my panting Breast,
And tell such moving Tales of Grief and Love,
And number all our Joys within the Grove,
That ev'n the Gods have grudg'd what we possess'd:
And *Jove* has wish'd to be but half so bless'd.
His Wife and Sister, cou'd no Joys afford,
Nor all her Charms confine her wand'ring Lord.

My absence *Sapho*, might have mov'd your care,
But cannot justify your wild despair;

My

My silent Fight ; was but excess of Love,
 And does no more than too much fondness prove.
 What cou'd I say to her I lov'd like you ?
 Or how pronounce that fatal Word *Adieu* ?
 Oh ! had I seen but thy dear Eyes again,
 Where had I strength to bear the Mighty Pain ?
 Bus'ness and Honour both forbad my stay,
 And they had forc'd me to a long delay ;
 From thy Dear Arms, I never cou'd have run,
 I shou'd have stay'd and beg'd to be undone :
 I shou'd have stay'd to write, but wanted words
 For mighty woe no Rhetorick affords.
 My trembling Hand cou'd not my Pen contain,
 Nor all my Courage, falling Tears restrain ;
 Or if I write, they wash'd it out again !
 You write your Pains my Fair, with so much Art,
 That all your Griefs are charg'd upon my Heart :
 And when you meant, I shou'd but share with you,
 You add to all I felt, your Sorrows too.
 The burden was before to heavy grown,
 The Cares of absence almost press'd me down ;

Six Moons have past, since I was blest'd with you,
And still my Sorrows with these Moons renew ;
Sicilian Ladies have no Charms to move ;
Or if they had, they cou'd not shake my Love.
You need not, *Sapho*, bid them heare beware,
How they receive your faithless wanderer ;
You fill my Soul, and where your Beauties shine,
Venus in Vain a Conquest wou'd design,
And her Young Son, might all his Pow'r resign. }
But ah ! these Charms, since absent, are my grief ;
Nor has thy Letter brought me kind Relief ;
I'm only pleas'd to find you Constant still ;
But Mad to know you think I've us'd you ill.
To see thee now, is grown my only care,
And for my speedy Passage I prepare ;
Till then be Calm, by all Loves Sacred Pow'rs,
I always lov'd, and will be ever yours.

THESEUS

THESEUS to ARIADNE.

The A R G U M E N T.

Theseus having brought Ariadne from Crete, in his Returns from Killing the Minotaur; in which, Ariadne assisted him with a Clew to pass the Labyrinth, by the Admonition of Bacchus, he leaves her in the Isle of Naxos, from whence Ovid supposes her to write to Theseus; which he answers in the following Epistle.

EPISTLE XII.

Yours I have read, and own your Griefs are
(just,

When thus abandon'd by the Man you trust.

So wrote the *Tyrian* Queen, in Hopes to move,

With all the Rhetorick of neglected Love.

But he alone cou'd *Joves* commands obey,

Nor cou'd her Charms perswade an Hours delay :

To

To Seas he flies, and quits the safer Strand ;
 Forsakes a Purchas'd, for an unknown Land.
 In vain she su'd, in vain he wish'd to stay,
 At once asham'd, and griev'd to fly away :
 But wisely knew, that all the pow'rs of Love,
 Shield not Offenders from the Arm of *Jove*.
 She did for him what you have done for me,
 Like you too lov'd, but neither cou'd foresee,
 Heav'n's long conceal'd Immutable Decree. }
 My Fate has copy'd his ; I've done no more,
 Then those ally'd to Heav'n have done before.
Jove him Commands, and mighty *Bacchus* me,
 Both Gods too strong for Loves Divinity.

The Gods can tell how well I kept my Vow,
 And with what Sorrow, I deserted you !
 'Twas Night when You and I were gone to Rest,
 And each of what we valu'd most possess,
 Chain'd in soft Slumbers both securely lay,
 Spent, with the Toyls, and Pleasures of the Day,
 I Dream'd (and yet cou'd scarce believe't a Dream
 It pain'd so much, and did so real seem)

The

The Swift Young God, the Messenger of *Jove*,
A Friend to Thieving, and a Foe to Love ;
Wrap'd in a dusky Cloud, more Black than Night,
To hide the Deed from Pale *Lucina's* Sight:
With a sharp Engine did thy Breast invade,
Whilst I to wake thee, oft in vain essay'd :
You strugg'd too, methoughts like one oppress'd,
When fearful Dreams forbid a kindly Rest ;
At last your Heart he from your Bosom drew,
And I awak'd in deadly Fears for you.
But all was safe, you blest my Arms, and Eyes ;
And I my Strange, and Ominous Dream despise.
Thus bless'd too fast I was, as fast undone,
And met that Fate, which then I strove to shun.
Substantial Griefs my seeming Joys pursue,
And I am rob'd of All in losing you.
Bacchus, a Friend to Love, but now no more
That kind Indulgent God he was before,
Approach'd my Bed, and sternly bid me rise,
And all the Charms of Love, and Youth despise ;

Ev'n

Ev'n *you* forſake, to *Athens* fly, there wait
 A nobler Miſtreſs, and more glorious Fate.
 Gods! what unuſual Pains aſſault my Heart!
 His Looks, like Death, a Thouſand Fears impart:
 Then 'twas, indeed, I knew I had been bleſt,
 And truly valu'd, what I once poſſeſt,
 A Thouſand Times reſolv'd, I would forego
 My Country, Friends, Life, ev'ry Thing for you;
 Too late I found, what we enjoy with eaſe
 Is ſoon forgot, and ſoon will ceaſe to pleaſe:
 Not that I had not truly lov'd before;
 For ſince I ſaw you firſt, your Charms I wore:
 But danger all our Bleſſings ſtill endears,
 And Joys are heightn'd, when they're mix'd with
(Fears

In vain I wiſh'd the Winds had ſunk our Fleet,
 That I had never ſeen devouring *Crete*,
 Or fall'n a Prey beneath the Monſters Feet.
 My Danger paſt, my Life preſerv'd by You;
 And that Reward to Love and Freedom due:
 All crowd toget her, and my Flames renew.

For

For me, your Father, and your Country lost,
And *Crete* despis'd for *Naxos* barren Coast;

A Thousand daring Marks of constant Love,
Your Merit, and my seeming Falshood prove.

A Thousand Times I fix'd my Eyes on you,
This once be bless'd (cryd I) take your last View,
To all her Beauties bid a long Adieu.

Oh! can you tell how happy you have been,
Or still remember all, that you have seen?

What have I heard and felt? how oft been bless'd;
Of all the Joys, that Love bestows, possess'd.

How often charm'd, when She has spoke, or sung?
And blest the ravishing Musick of her Tongue.

How oft I've swore, I lov'd, and wou'd be true,
Whilst She, who all my Thoughts, and Actions
knew,

Has smil'd, and cry'd I ne'er suspected You.

Around your Neck I'll hourly twine my Arms,

And keep you thus a Prisn'er to my Charms;

Duty, and Love, will ever keep me thine,

And Gratitude my *Theseus* keep thee mine.

Con-

Continu'd Joys remove the Cares of Life,
 Bless'd Husband you, and I a happy Wife:
 Not Rocks themselves shall *Ariadne* move,
 She'll still be Easie, if her Lord can Love.
 These my parting Thoughts, then guess, my Fair,
 How nigh my Sorrow's border'd on Despair.
 A Thousand Times I turn'd my Eyes away,
 As oft look'd back, as oft essay'd to stay,
 And found new Heavens in ev'ry short Delay.
 But now the dying Stars resign their Light,
 And coming Day does urge my tardy Flight;
 Mad with the Thoughts of being thine no more,
 I fall like one distracted on the Floor;
 There, in soft Murmurs, of the Gods complain,
 Who saw me give my Heart, and Faith in vain:
 Why did you not (I cry'd, bold with Despair)
 Show me before the Object of your Care?
 Why was my Life, by her kind Hand preserv'd?
 Why she destroy'd, that has so well deserv'd?
 Oh! had you sav'd me, by your Pow'r alone,
 And had your Thunders struck the Monster down,
L
Or

Or had you Tempests rais'd, and drove our Fleet
To any Coast, but that of injur'd *Crete*,
Then I had never lov'd, from Debt been free,
Nor guilty of the Sin of Perjury,
But you, to all that's pass'd gave full Consent,
And did not then my Solemn Vows prevent.
Thus, till the Night was fled, I rav'd and mourn'd;
Left, thee in Tears, and still in Tears return'd.
But I must go at last, for growing Day,
Now cruel, as the God, forbids my Stay.
Oppress'd with boundless Grief, I faintly move,
And on the Threshold yet must view my Love.
The open Curtains grant that Scanty Bliss,
And show me all I hope, not all I wish.
Now to my hated Ship I take my Way,
That grac'd alone the unfrequented Bay,
And still my Pains were heightn'd with the Day.
To summ up all my Woes, at last I view
The charming Mount, where I was bless'd with
(you;

There,

There, with extended Arms, you weeping ſtood,
And ſaw my Veſſel, ſporting on the Flood.

At laſt the Winds, too friendly to my Flight,
Remov'd the killing Object from my Sight.

Say *Ariadne*, what cou'd *Theſeus* do?

Cou'd he, in Spight of Heav'n it ſelf, be true?

And wrangle with the Gods to purchaſe eaſe

(to you?)

Be juſt, my Fair, both to your Self, and me,

And quarrel not with what the Gods decree ;

Thy Beauty yet may ſome new Lover gain,

And you forget the Cauſe of all your Pain.

Live then, oh ! live and baniſh wild Deſpair,

No more encrease yon abſent *Theſeus* Care ;

Add not to what I have already born,

But ceaſe to Love, and then you'll ceaſe to mourn.

L 2

OLIVIA

OLIVIA to THYRSIS.

The ARGUMENT.

Olivia (a Lady of the Town, was long belov'd by Thyrsis, a young Country Gentleman) whom her Arts had always deluded; but finding at last that she allow'd to others the same Favour, which he thought she had only granted to him, he entirely forsakes her; and intending to Marry, applies himself assiduously to Celia, a Gentlemans Daughter, of a very small Estate, and one of no great Family. Olivia vex'd to lose a Lover that was Fortune's Happy Fav'rite, and handsome besides, uses her utmost endeavours to bring him back again; but these not answering her wishes, she sends him the following Epistle, where (as Women commonly do in such cases) she appears strangely surpriz'd, and takes no notice of the true cause for which he had abandon'd her, but heightens his guilt to obscure her own.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE. XIII.

Come tell me *Thyrsis*, whence this wond'rous
(Change?
What 'tis of late, that makes my Love so strange?
I've known a time (but those soft Hours are fled)
When you were charm'd with ev'ry thing I
(said:

All Day you've gaz'd, and doted on my Face,
Stood like a Statue fix'd upon the place,
Nor wish'd to move, but when I wou'd be gone;
And then you'd Sigh and cry you was undone.
A Thousand times you've kneel'd, beg'd Heav'n
(wou'd be

A witness how you lov'd, and only me.
Bid all the Gods, whene'er your Flame decay'd,
Pour down their vengeance on your guilty Head.
Ev'n whilst you Swore, your looks the Truth
(confess'd,
And silent Tears, a real Flame express'd.

Whence then this cruel Change, have I no more,
 That shape and Air, that pleas'd you heretofore?
 My Eyes are still the same to all, but you,
 And you alone enjoy what all pursue;
 But that same Cause, which shou'd your Flame en-
 (crease,

Seems now the only Thing, that makes it cease.
 In Love all Men are Hero's, for we find,
 What's difficult, alone can Charm their Mind.
 What may be got with ease, they all despise,
 And scorn to keep, or seek, an easie Prize.

But Grant, what may be true, you only feign'd;
 And wore that Mask, by which we all are gain'd;
 Put on soft Airs, and chose a smother Tone,
 To tell in moving accents you're undone:
 To Praise, and Blush, and Faulter when you spoke;
 And heal a broken sentence with a Look.
 This is a baseness you're asham'd to own,
 A mean low Shift, and you must throw it down.
 You cannot, if you wou'd, from guilt be free,
 And your least Crime in Love, is Perjury.

By

By all the Pow'rs in Love, you ne're design'd
 To keep your Vows, or to continue Kind.
 Your only Aim, was but to catch a Heart,
 And shew your Fellow Rooks, you had the Art.
 With you he's but a Fool, who ne're betray'd
 Some poor, unthinking, kind, believing Maid.
 'Tis *Hero* like, to give your Faith in vain,
 And he's the noblest Man, who best can feign.
 The want of Honesty is Honour grown,
 The plain and downright, you believe a Clown.
 To Swear, Forswear, Dissemble and Betray,
 Is now the only fashionable Way;
 The Constant is term'd Dull; he Doats who's
 (kind,
 And he's still Wise, that changes with the Wind.
 This you all practise, tho' none e'er confess'd,
 That he dispis'd because he had possess'd:
 All this, I oft had seen, nay, doubted you,
 And scarcely cou'd believe you wou'd be true.
 So many Stories, I had heard when Young,
 How Men cou'd Kill, and Poison with their Tongue.

Their Eyes bore Fatal Darts, and their first Care
Was how to Conquer, and betray the Fair ;
That Men and Monsters, almost were the same,
And I believ'd they differ'd but in Name.
These were my Infant Thoughts, but when I knew,
That Love cou'd all your stubborn Hearts subdue,
I chang'd my Mind, believ'd I was grown Wise,
And took for real Flames, your thin disguise.
Heav'ns ! who cou'd chuse but be deceiv'd ? your
(Air

Was soft as Love, to please was all your Care,
A Thousand Sighs your inward Pains reveal,
Pains which in vain you Labour'd to conceal.
'Twas Pity first, that smooth'd the way to Love,
For you were vers'd in all the ways to move.
That tender Passion first my Heart subdu'd,
And the Young God, the Victory persud.
That softness Men Create, they first despise,
And Doat on her, who constantly denies.
All Faces at a distance, Beauties show,
And when they nearer come, they Courser grow.

The

The Cruel still are Fair, and she, who can
 Dissemble best, will best secure her Man.
 The Kind are easie Fools, too cheaply won,
 And scarce deserve to be, with Care, undone.
 This Truth you prove : when first you fought my
 I hid my Thoughts with all my Sexes Art, (Heart,
 Asham'd to own I Lov'd, I still deny,
 And by a seeming Scorn, your Faith I try ;
 A Thousand times a real Love I feign,
 And Smile on some dull Fop, to give you Pain,
 But still you Love, and still your Suit renew,
 Till I at last gave up my All to you.
 Heavens ! Who can Paint the Joys you felt, or tell
 If any Man on Earth cou'd feign so well ?
 A Thousand tender melting things you said,
 As often bless'd the gen'rous, yielding Maid :
 Call'd all the Gods to witness how you lov'd,
 And all their Thunders when you fathless prov'd.
 But now I'm caught, these Oaths and me you scorn,
 Quench your own Flames, and laugh to see me
 (Burn ;
 Yet

Yet think false Man, on your past Vows and me,
At once from Guilt and Punishment be free ;
What you forget the Gods still bear in Mind,
(For Oaths in Love as well Law shou'd bind)
Your Sin of Perjury, tho' long since past,
They will remember, and reward at last ;
To me and to your self in time be kind,
Be not to Beauty nor to Danger blind.
Return perverted Man, your Faith retrieve,
Say but you're Mine, and I will yet believe ;
Dissemble if you will, yet I'll be pleas'd ;
For I but want to see you, to be eas'd :
But Speak, or Look, and I am blest'd again ;
Nay, if you Write, 'twill almost ease my pain ;
I'm kill'd with that indiff'rency you show,
And rather wou'd your Hatred undergo.
But *Celia* now I hear your Vows employs,
And what I lose, that haughty Maid enjoys.
Can you be blind, and place your thoughts so low,
On one who can nor Wit nor Beauty show ?

But

But grant her Fair (for so you think her now)
 Yet you must own she is not fit for you;
 Her watchful Friends will guard her from disgrace,
 And will you spoyl your Fortune for a Face?
 But say she wanted Friends, you ne'er will find
 Your Celia, like your wrong'd Olivia, kind.
 I Lov'd for nought, but she designs Reward;
 And does not you, but your Estate regard.
 She's Humble now, Nay, I believe she's Chast;
 But think in time what she may prove at last.
 From a low Fortune, rais'd by Love and you,
 She may forget her Debt and Honour too.
 Few bear, with equal Minds, a prosp'rous state,
 And give to Merit, what was only Fate.
 Her Beauty (if she has't) you'll ne'er enjoy,
 Unless you first your Liberty destroy,
 With me you still are free, and all I crave
 Is, not to be your Wife, but happy Slave.
 Yet I have known a time I might improv'd;
 For you was Young, and I dear swear you Lov'd.

But

But I was always Just ; and you must own,
I fought not Int'rest, but your Love alone.
Think on that happy Hour you first was Bless'd,
How many fought what you alone possess'd :
The Rich old Miser, and the spendthrift Heir,
At once in vain employ'd their Wealth and Care :
My Heart was yours ; in vain the Coxcombs sue,
Both Wealth and Honour I forgo for you.
This sure must make you kind ; what Love denies,
Let Gratitude instruct you how to prize :
You oft have su'd, but now the task is mine,
For Love does all Formalities decline.
My Cares a Thousand things wou'd yet endite,
But you must yield I am not us'd to Write.
I seek no Art, my Letter's only fraught
With what a Passion ill-rewarded taught.
Send no return, your Eyes will tell me best,
If you are False, or if I still am Blest.
For what we wish not, we with pain believe ;
And with ill-grounded Hope our selves deceive.

T H Y R S I S

THYRSIS to OLIVIA.

The ARGUMENT.

Thyrsis having receiv'd her foregoing Letter, and being too well convinc'd of her Falshood, shows by the following Answer, that he can be no longer impos'd on by her Arts.

EPISTLE XIV.

IN vain You write, for I can hear no more,
 I am not now the same I was before :
 No more your easie Fool, for I'm grown wise ;
 And all your Charms, and all your Arts despise :
 We both mistook, for I believ'd You kind,
 And you suppos'd I wou'd be always Blind.
 Thanks to my Stars, I breath the Air again,
 And live at large now. I have broke my Chain:
 My Danger past, my present Ease endears,
 And I no more regard your useless Tears ;

Women

Women are Riddles, no Man can Divine,
They Love and Hate, and yet no Cause assign.
With Trifles pleas'd, as oft with nothing griev'd,
And rarely, when they Weep, or Laugh, believ'd:
Their Passion's feign'd, or if it real prove,
The next Hour forms Indifference out of Love;
Their Smiles are Traps to catch the Young and Gay,
And for the Old, their Tongue's the surer Way.
The Fool, with Sighs, the Wise they take with Tears,
And change their Baits for all Degrees and Years.
To feign they from their Infancy are taught,
And 'tis below 'em to confess a Fault.
Their early Care's to draw poor Coxcombs in,
And always own a constant flame a Sin.
Yet some are Just and Wise, and I must own,
To *Celia* no such Arts as these are known;
That Charming Maid has Honesty and Sense,
Both bless'd with Beauty and with Innocence.
The last can best secure a Lovers Mind,
For Vertue better, than a Face will bind.
Yet think not I upraid you with a Crime,
That neither can be reckon'd yours, nor mine;
The Guilt belongs to both, we're neither free,
And you but act a Sin, advis'd by Me.

Had

Had that dear Fault been all, by Loves soft Pow'rs,
Your injur'd *Thyrsis* had continu'd Yours.
But what you sue for now, your self destroy'd,
And scorn'd that Heart you had so long enjoy'd.
I grant when first I fought your Heart, I Swore
That no Man e'er had lov'd like me before;
Nay, I have sworn my Flame shou'd ne'er decay,
And gave, without reserve my Heart away :
But then *Olivia*, you were Just and Fair,
And well deserv'd my Vows and all my Care.
I yield your Charms the same to all but me ;
For I alone have felt your Treachery.
The Man who knows you not, may yet be kind,
But I'm too well acquainted with your Mind.
Your Vows were still, as numerous, as mine,
My flowing Oaths were often stop'd by thine.
Thyrsis (you'd cry) I'm singularly blest,
Of all I Love, and all I wish, possesst.
Your Constancy my utmost Love does Claim,
And I shall ne'er enough repay your Flame.
Yet if *Olivia's* Heart you still can Prize,
If you are still a Pris'ner to her Eyes,
Believe, dear Man, 'tis not in vain you burn,
If equal Flames, the Blessings can Return ;

Thus

Thus (as you oft had done) you sooth'd my Fears,
 And I (poor easie Fop) forgot my Cares:
 Believ'd, alone I had possess'd your Heart,
 Nor Dream'd this Fondness, but the Child of Art.
 To Bed we hast, where we had oft been blest,
 And there again—I need not tell the rest;
 For who's so very Dull, as not to know,
 When Lovers meet, what 'tis they ought to do.
 A Thousand tender Things we did and said,
 Whilst present Joys our Torments past allay'd.
 O'ercome, at last I gave myself to rest,
 And stretch'd my Arms o'er thy yet panting Breast:
 There whilst, in slumbers Chain'd, secure I lay,
 You (who wou'd think it) basely stole away.
 In the next Room was the old Letcher hid,
 And ev'ry Fool may guess what 'twas you did.
 You urge *Olivia*, my past Vows in vain,
 For that one Act has set me free again.
 Let some Young Fool, who only seeks a Face,
 Be your next Cully, and supply my Place.
Thyrsis shall never wear your Charms again,
 And you employ your Pen and Arts in vain.



F I N I S.

